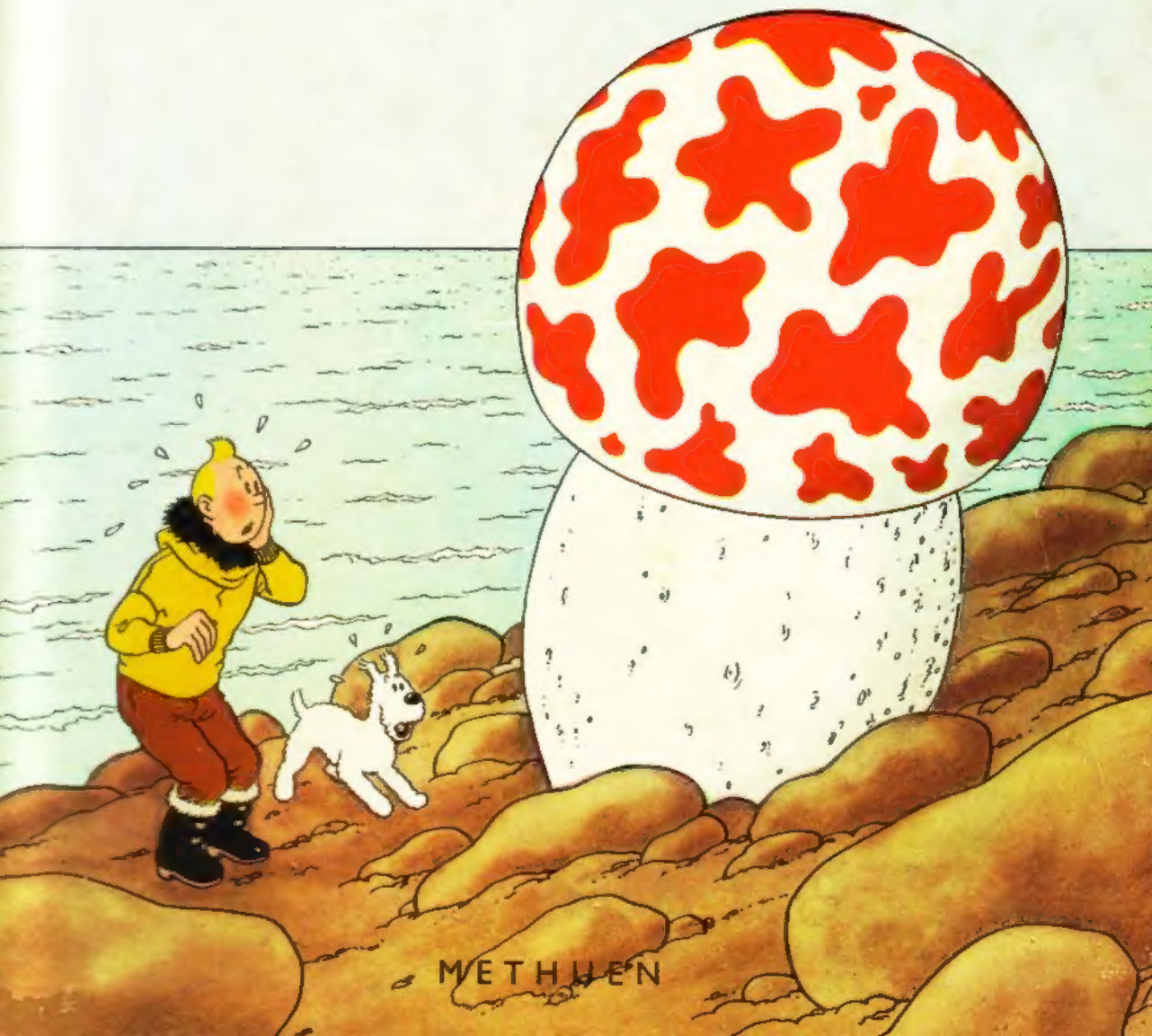


HERGÉ  
THE ADVENTURES OF  
**TINTIN**

# **THE SHOOTING STAR**

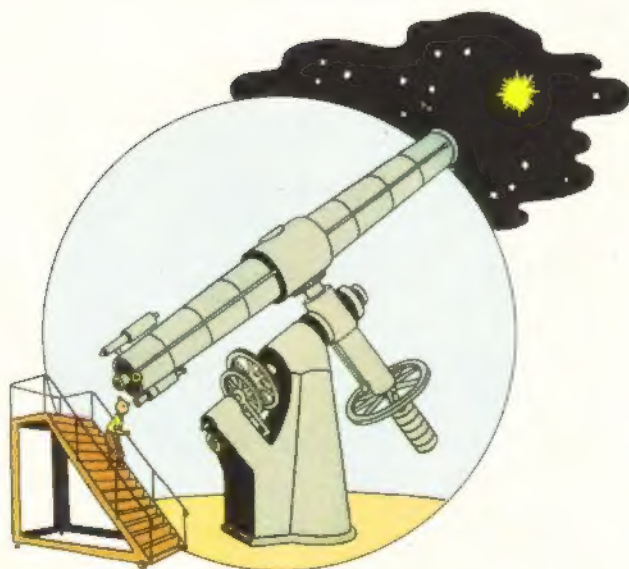


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THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

# THE SHOOTING STAR



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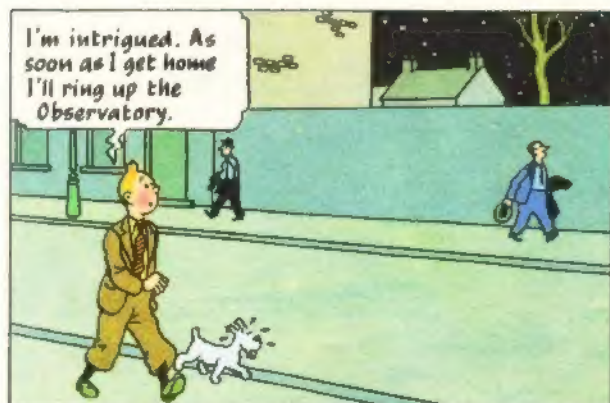
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Translated by Leslie Lonsdale-Cooper  
and Michael Turner

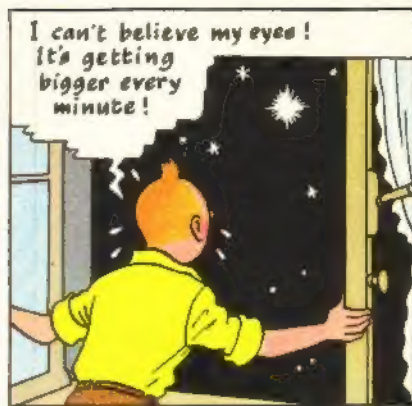
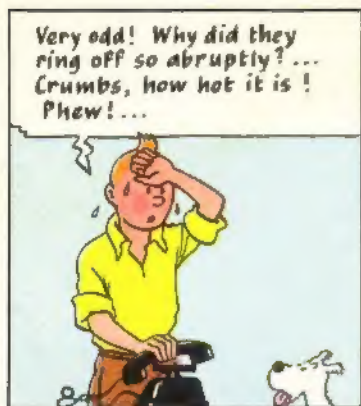
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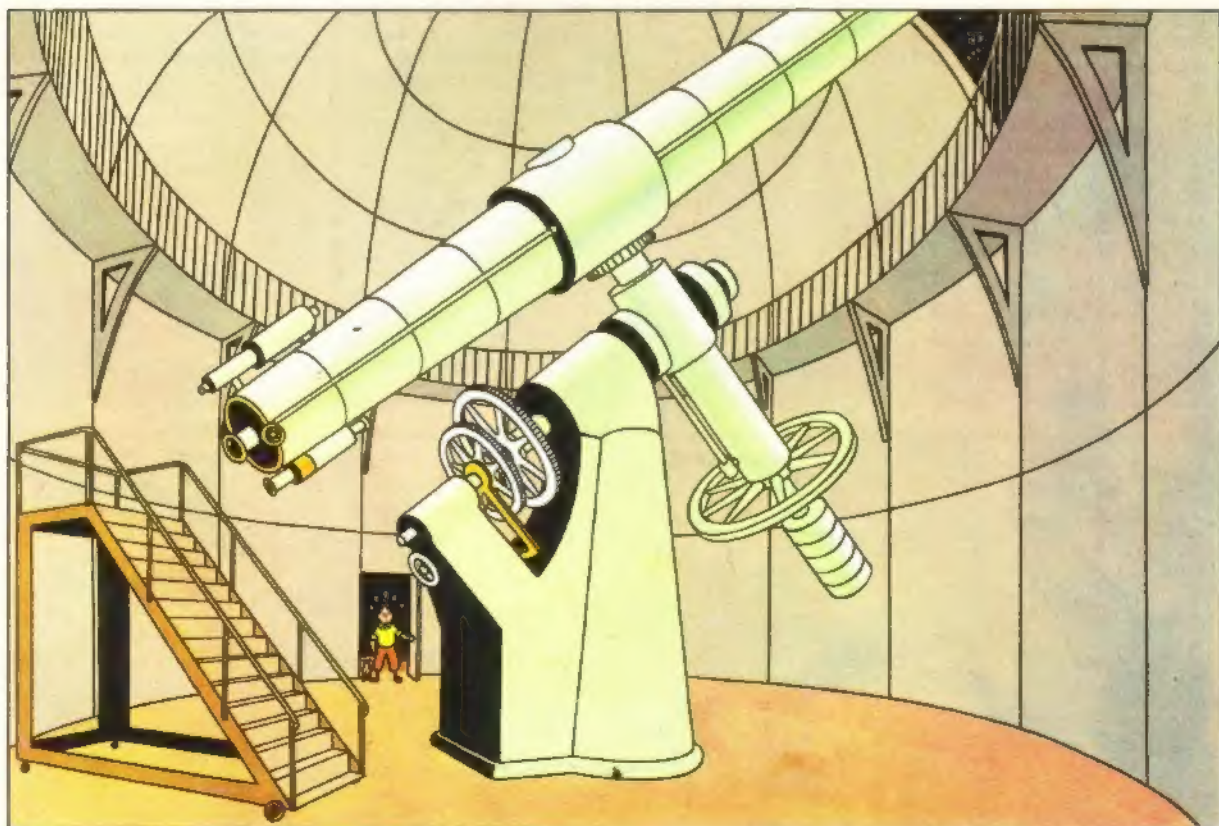
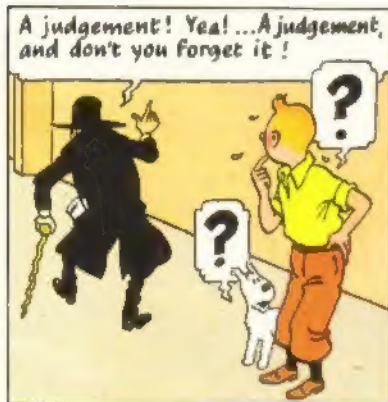
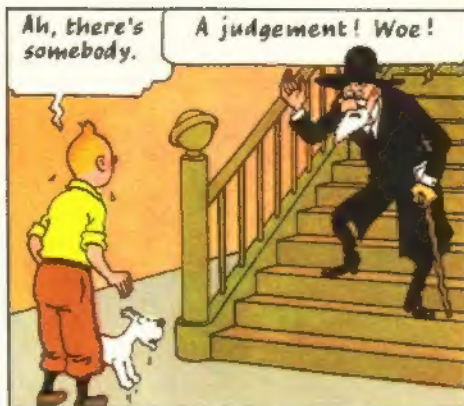
# THE SHOOTING STAR



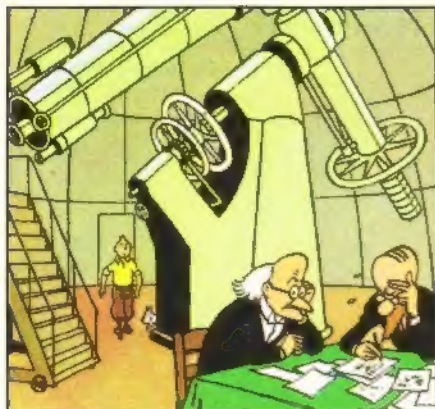








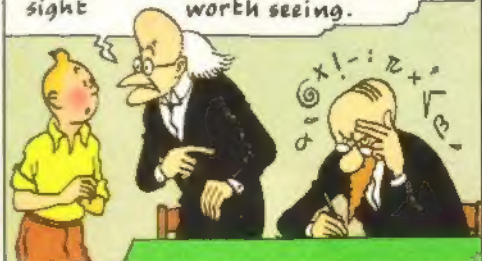




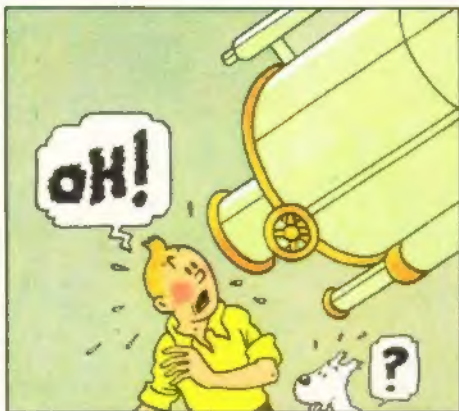
Excuse me, I'm looking for the Director of the Observatory.

Ssh! It's me!

It's me, but ssh!... Silence! Don't disturb my colleague; he's deep in some very complicated mathematics. While he's finishing, have a look through the telescope, if you like; it's a sight worth seeing.



Let's have a look.



Good heavens, sir! It's horrible ... horrible!

Yes, in one sense it's horrible...



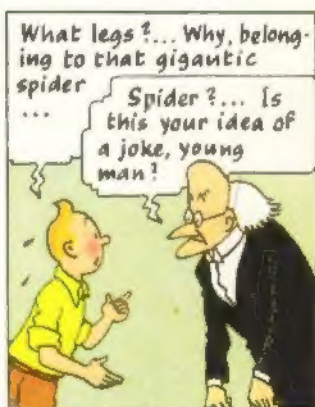
It's enormous! Simply enormous!

Enormous, yes!



And its hairy legs! ... It makes me shiver to think of them!

Its legs? ... What legs?



What legs?... Why, belonging to that gigantic spider ...

Spider?... Is this your idea of a joke, young man?



Come and see for yourself!



By the rings of Saturn! ... You're right ... It is, quite definitely, a spider! ...

You see now!

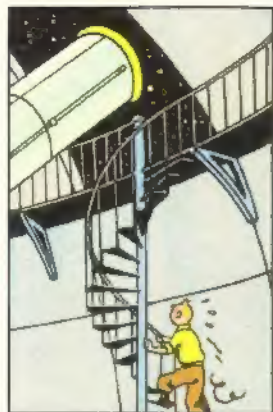


How extraordinary! Extraordinary! ... It has characteristics of *Meta segmentata* ... At least ... No! It's an *Araneus diadematus*! An enormous *Araneus diadematus*!

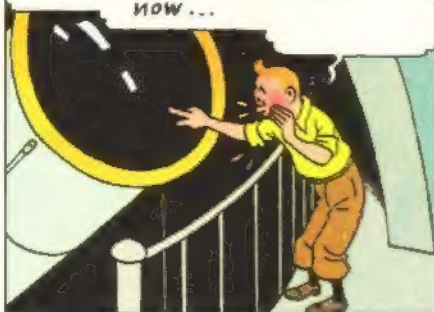


Anyway, it's a spider! Ugh! What a monster! ... And it's travelling through space ... Supposing it...??





Hello, Professor... I've found the answer... It was a spider walking across the lens!... It's gone now...



A spider!... A harmless little spider! That's all it was, scaring them out of their wits!... This'll kill me!



WODAH!



Come and look now...



Well?



It looks like... It looks like a huge ball of fire...

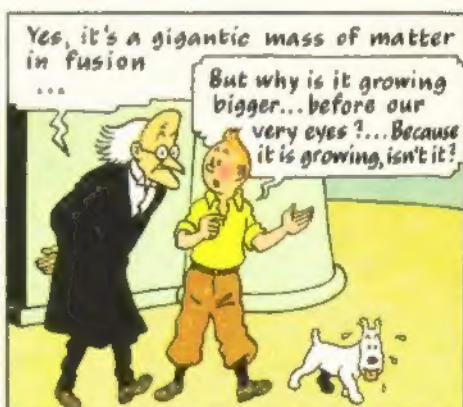


It IS a ball of fire! ... A VA-A-A-A-ST ball of fire!



Yes, it's a gigantic mass of matter in fusion ...

But why is it growing bigger... before our very eyes?... Because it is growing, isn't it?



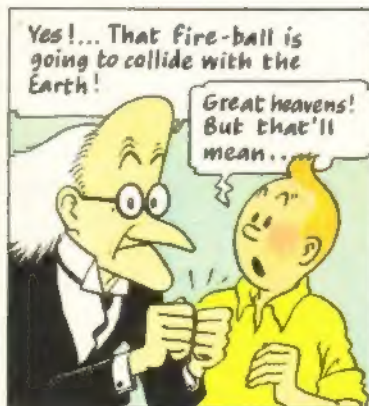
Naturally it's growing bigger - it's heading towards us, at an incredible speed.

Heading towards us?... But if it keeps on coming...?

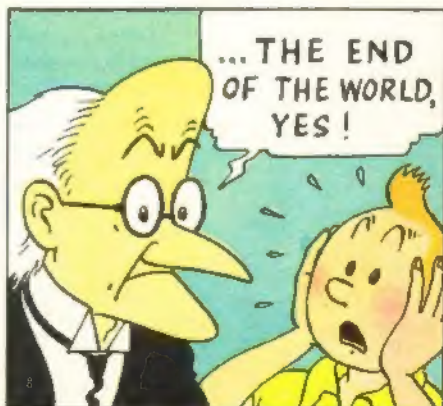


Yes!... That fire-ball is going to collide with the Earth!

Great heavens! But that'll mean...



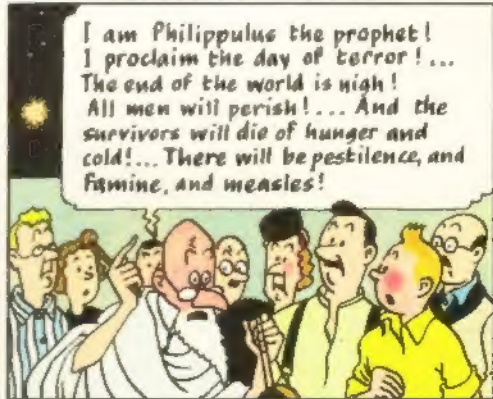
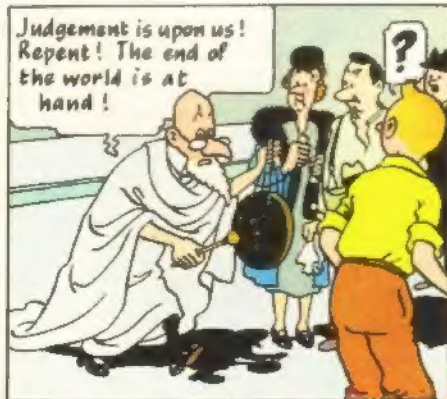
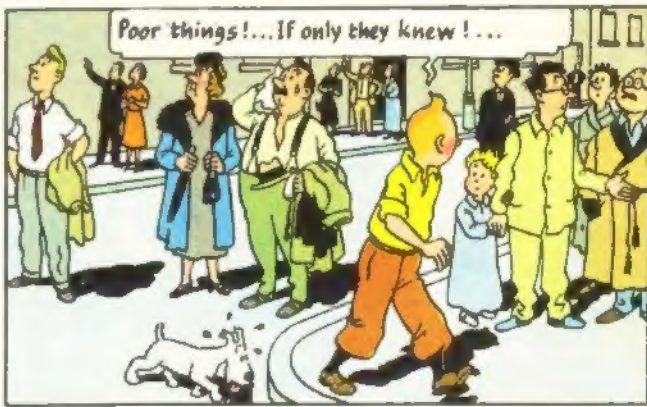
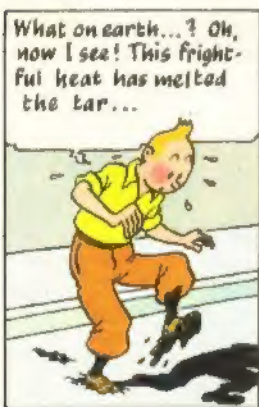
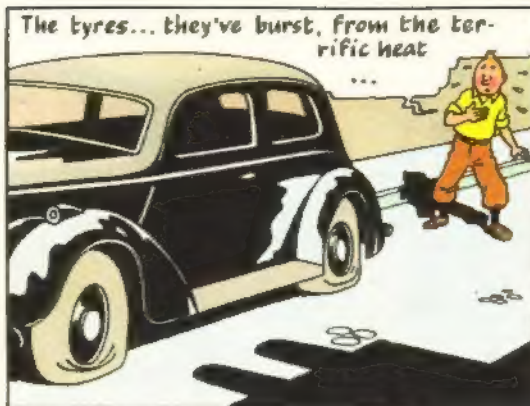
...THE END OF THE WORLD, YES!



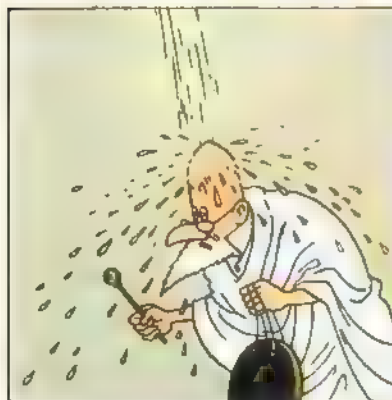
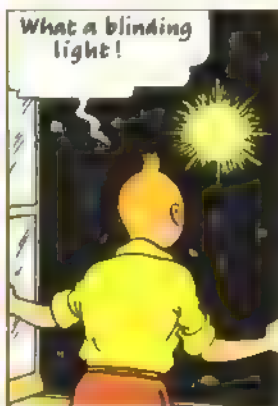
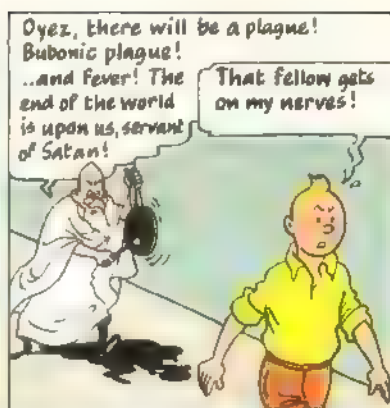


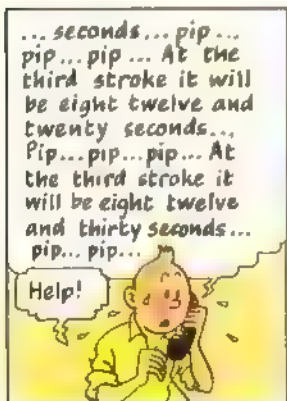
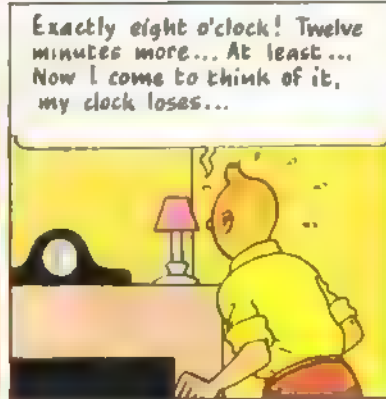
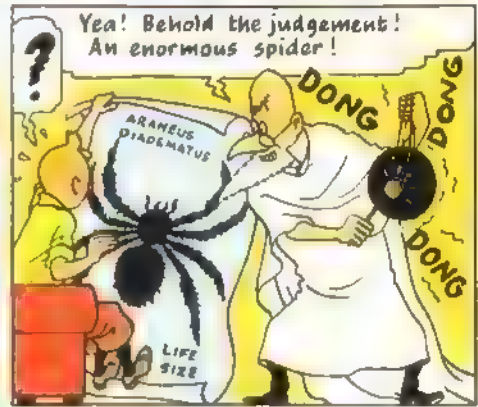
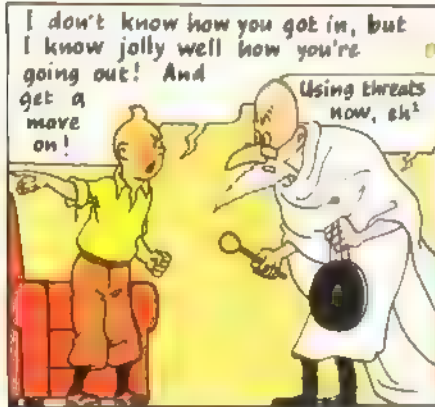
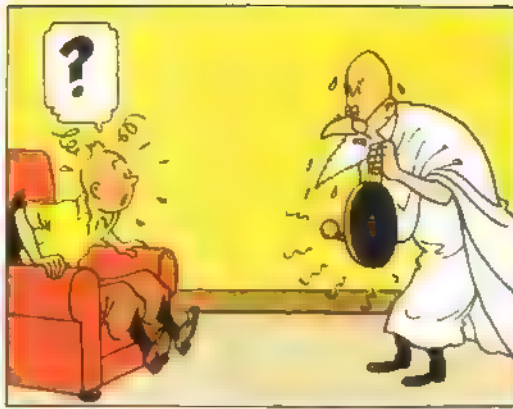




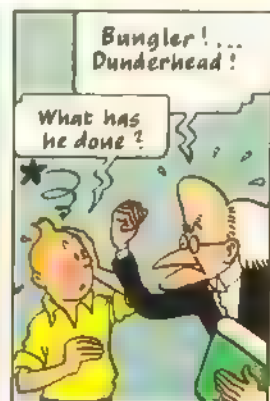
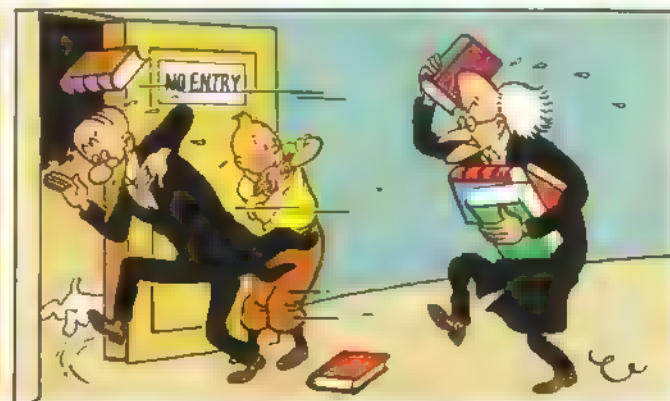
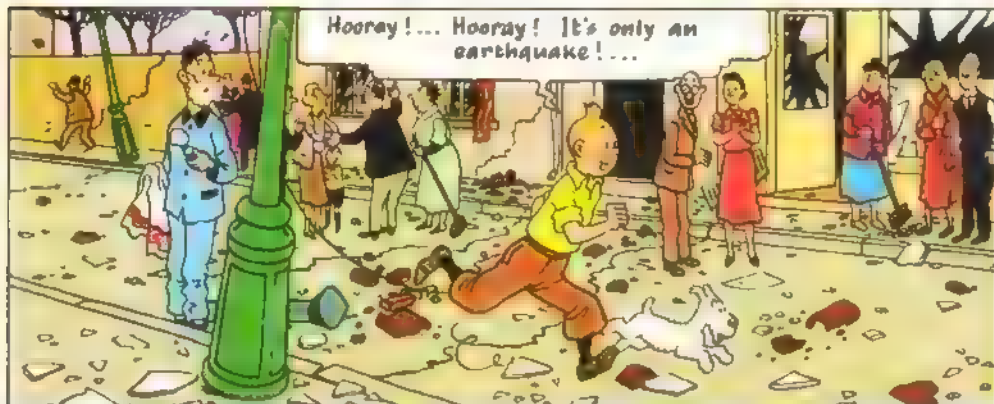


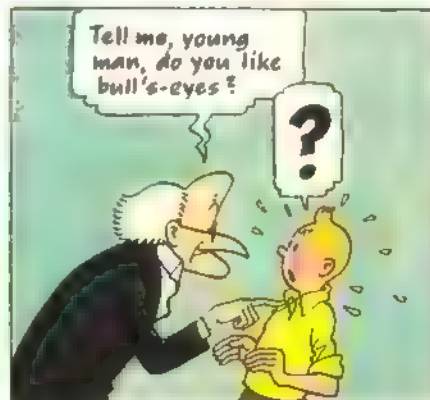
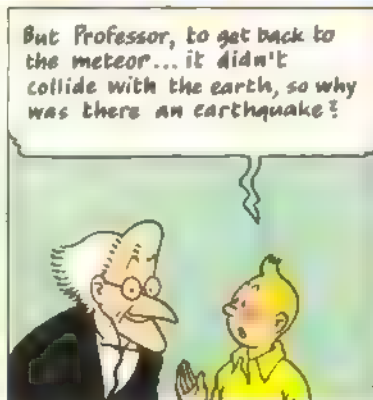
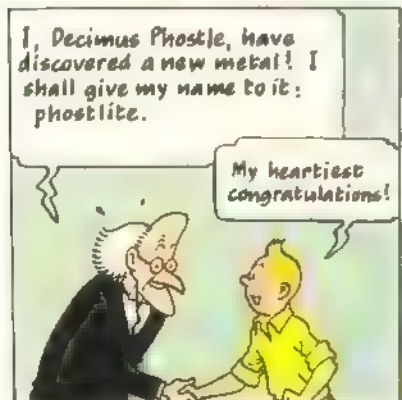
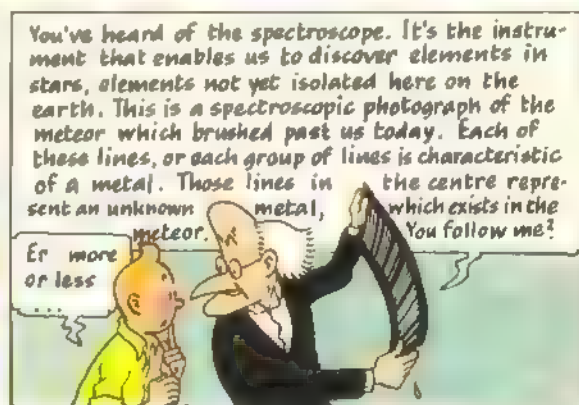
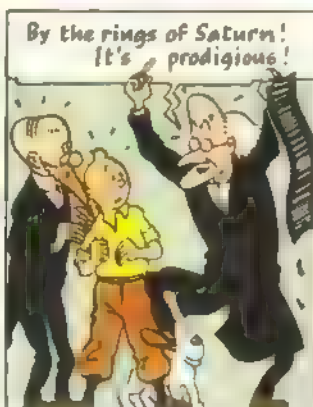
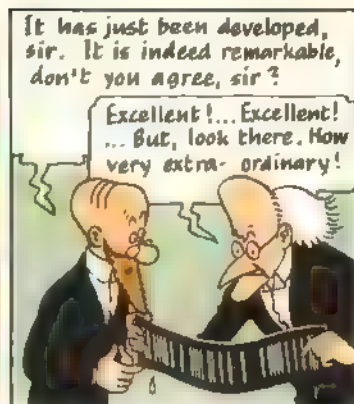
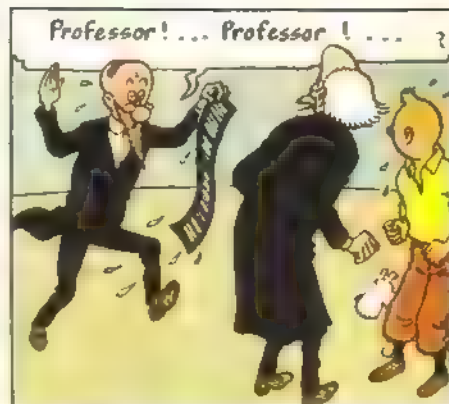
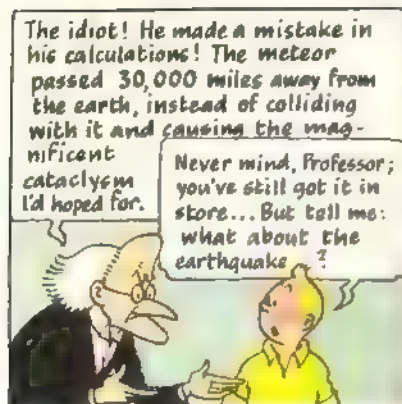




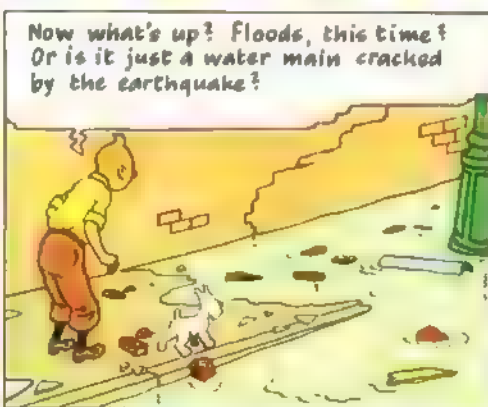
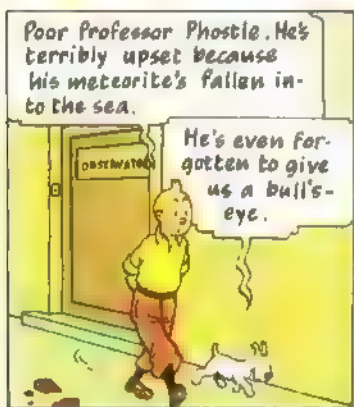
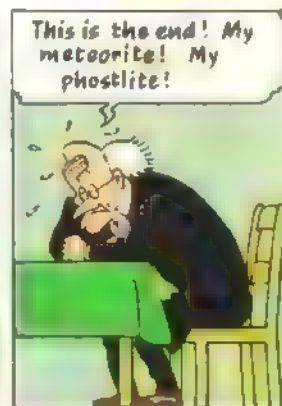
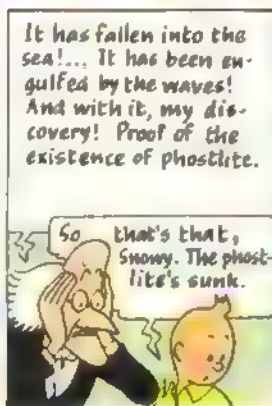
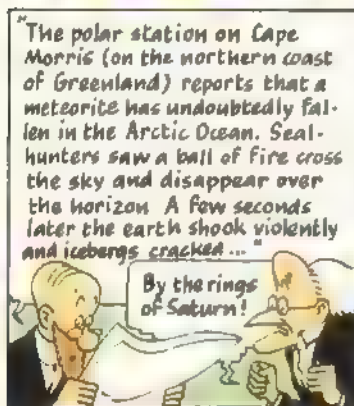
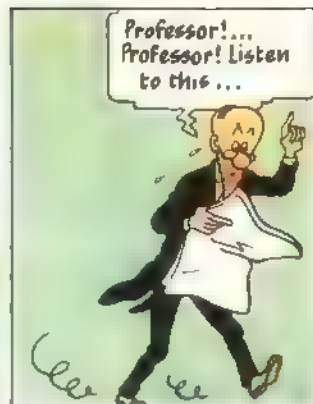
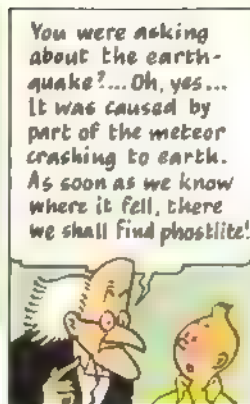
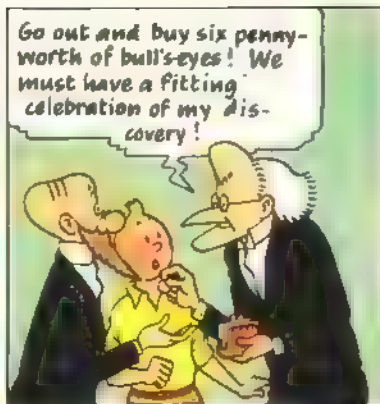


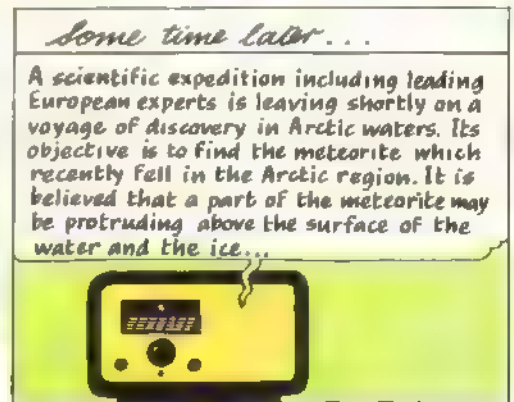
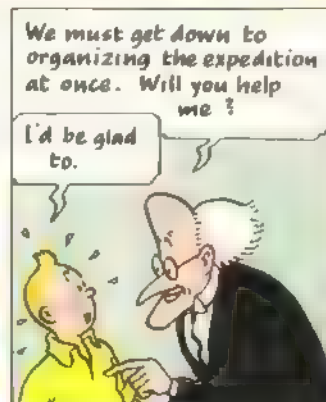
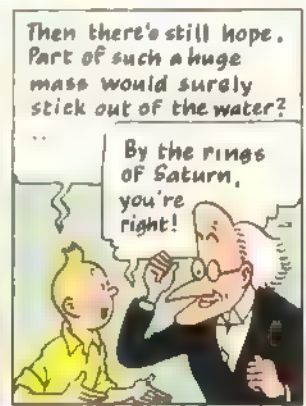
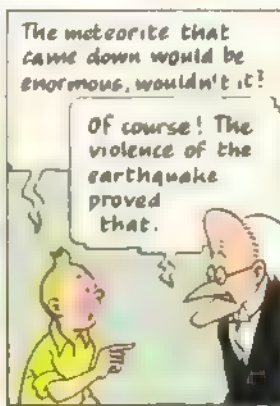
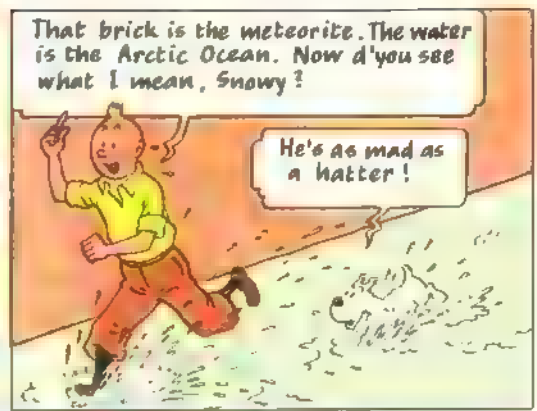
















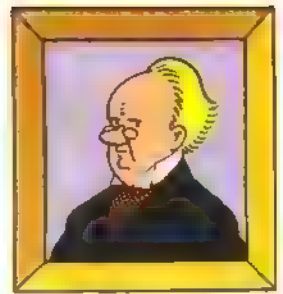
The expedition will be led by Professor Phostle, who has revealed the presence of an unknown metal in the meteorite. The other members of the party are:



... the Swedish scholar Eric Björgensköld, author of distinguished papers on solar prominences;



... Señor Porfirio Bolero y Calamares, of the University of Salamanca;



... Herr Doktor Otto Schulze, of the University of Munich;



... Professor Paul I. Cantonneau, of the University of Paris;



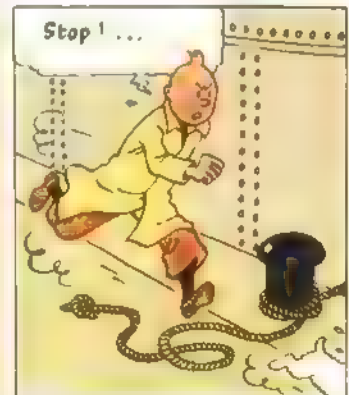
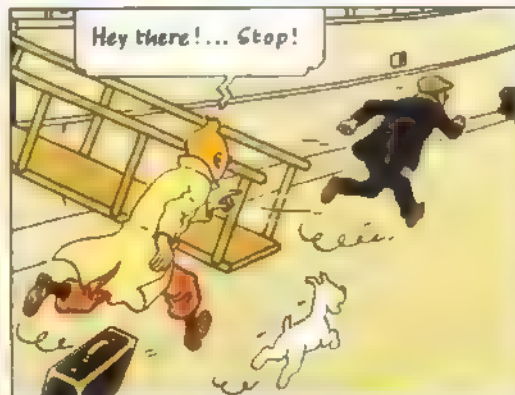
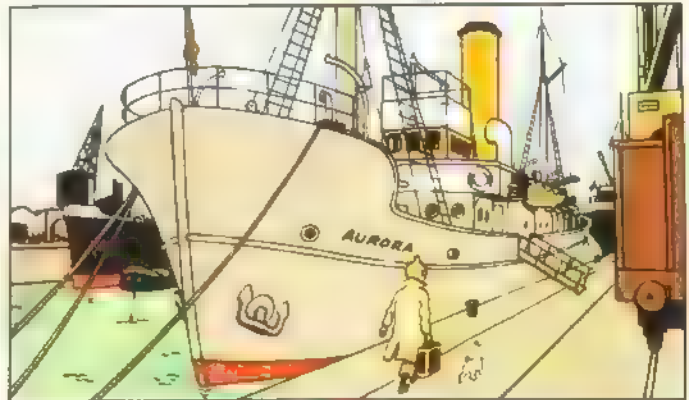
... Senhor Pedro João Dos Santos, a renowned physicist, of the University of Coimbra;

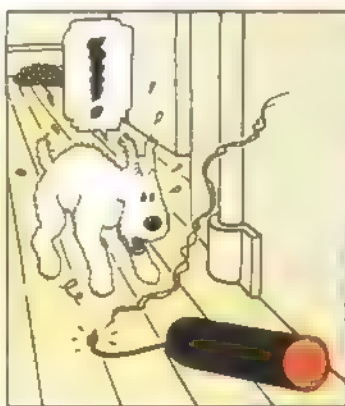
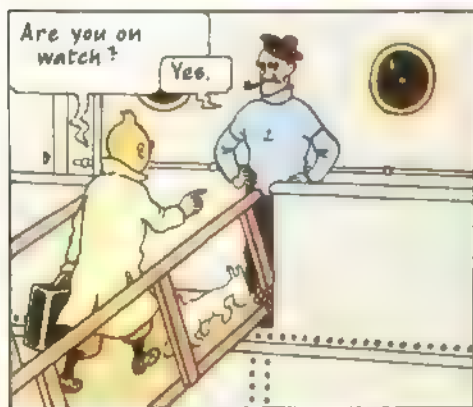
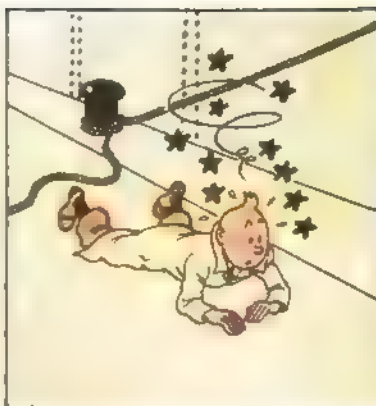
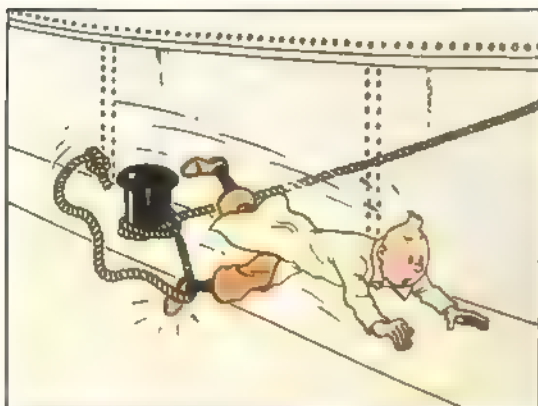


... Tintin, the young reporter, who will represent the press;

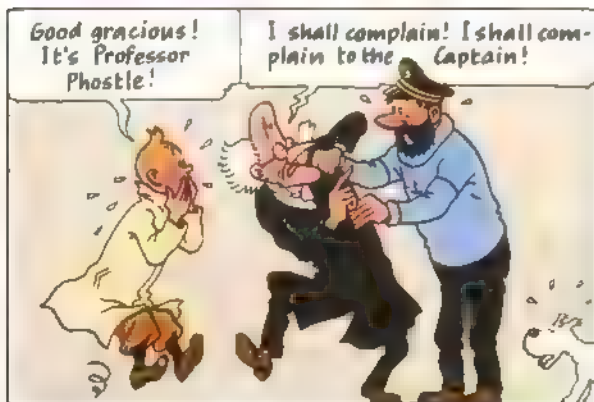
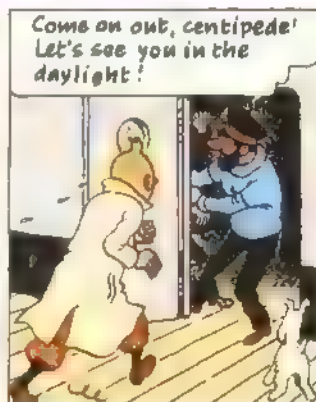
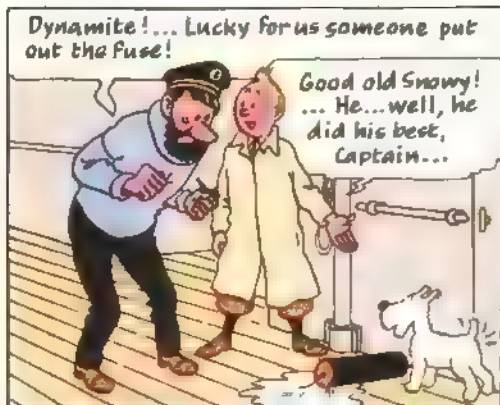


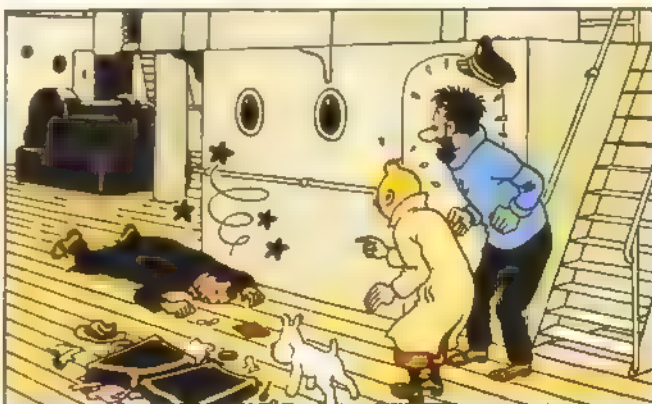
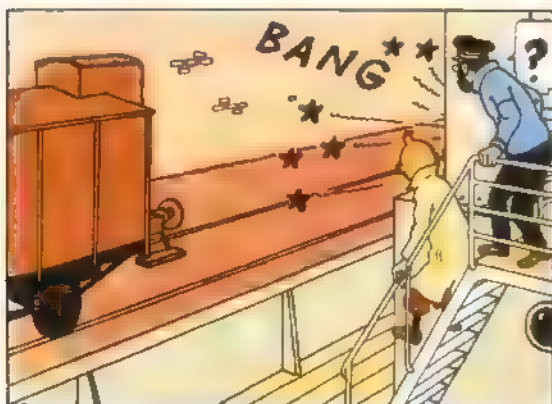
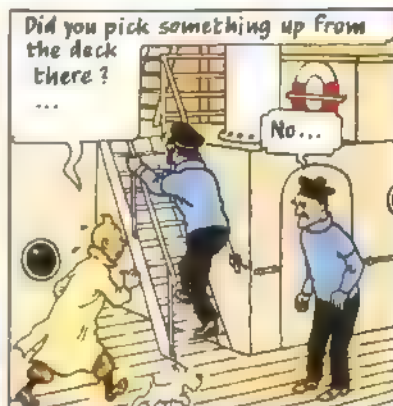
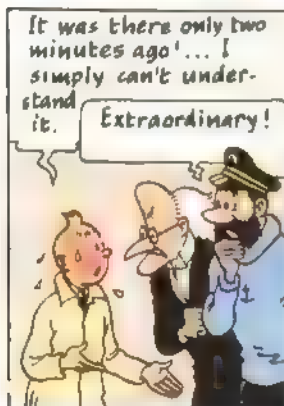
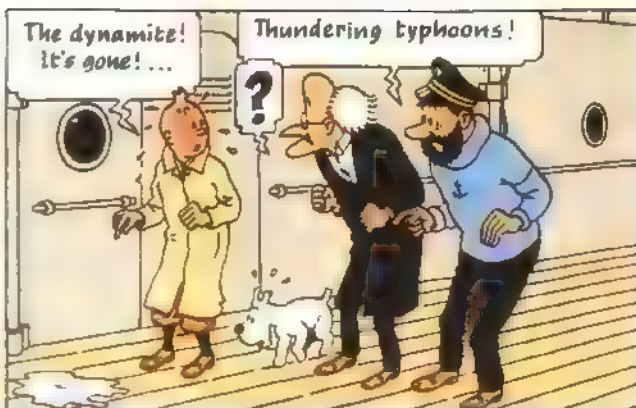
...and lastly, Captain Haddock, President of the S.S. (Society of Sober Sailors) who will command the "Aurora", the vessel in which the expedition will embark.



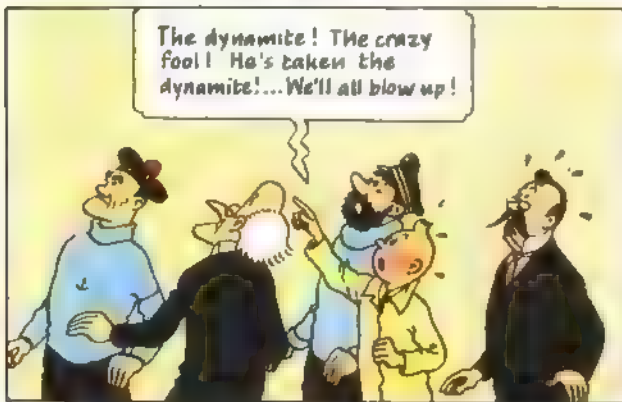
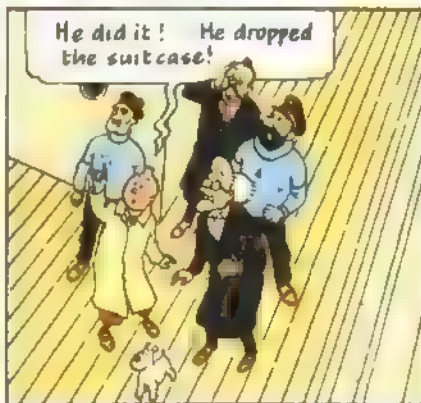
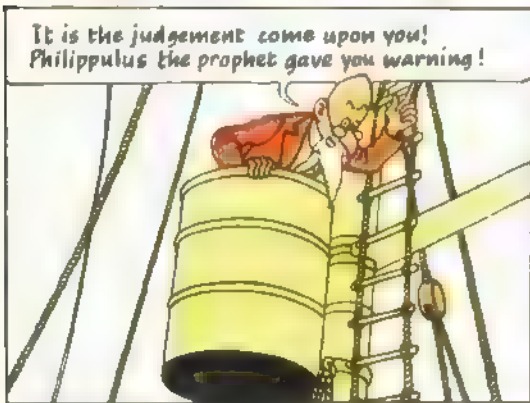
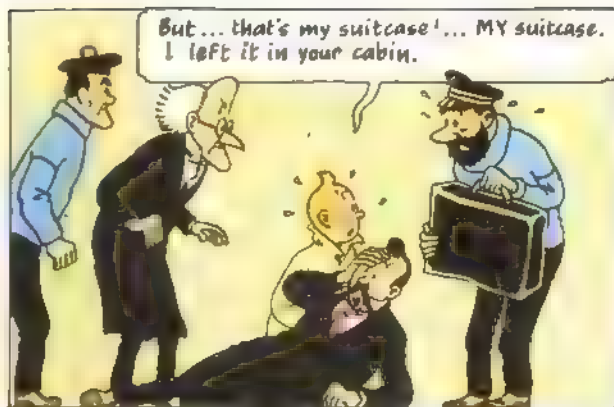
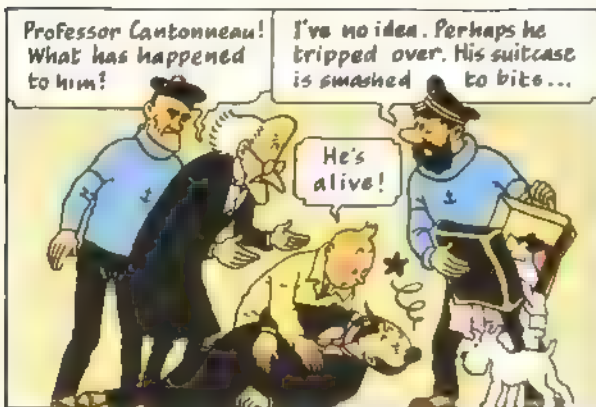


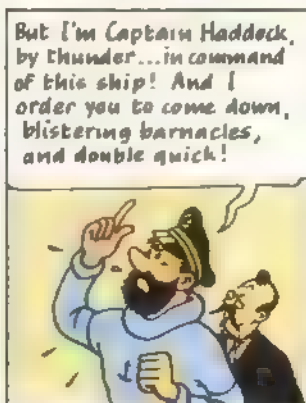
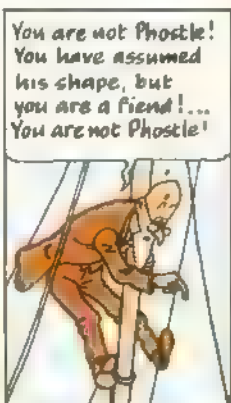
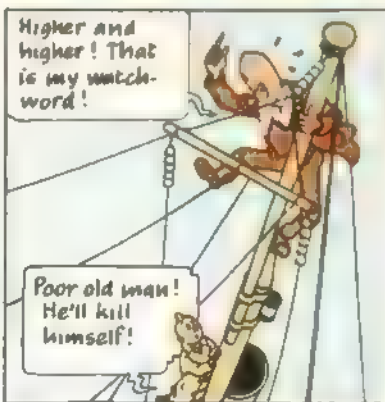
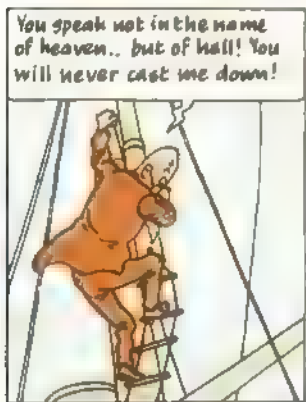
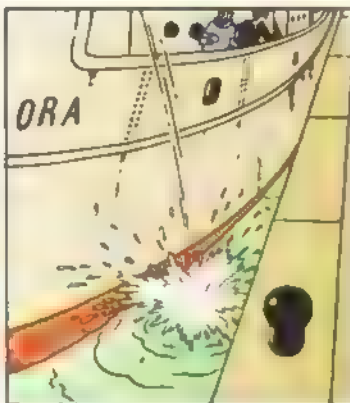
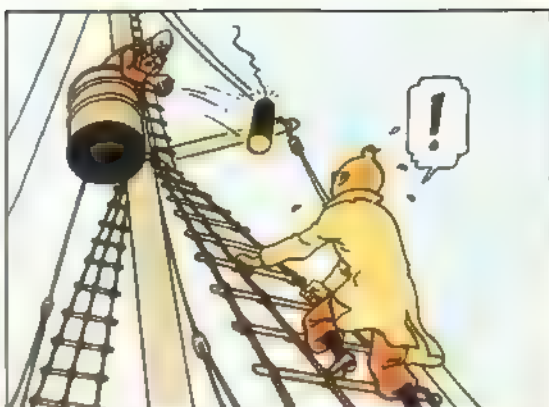




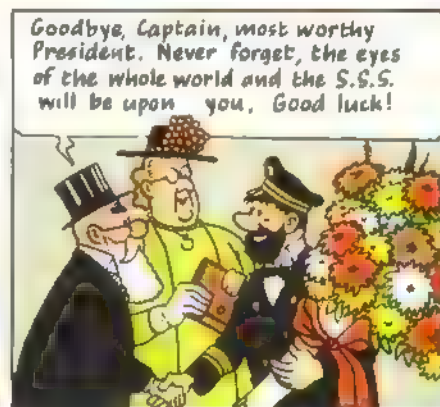
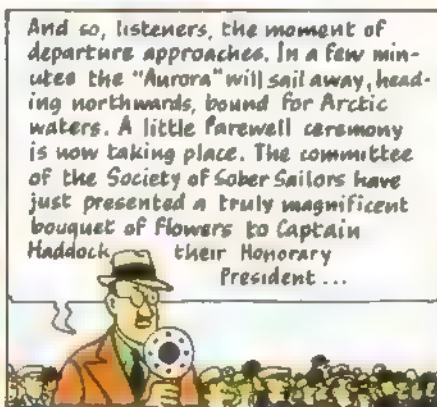
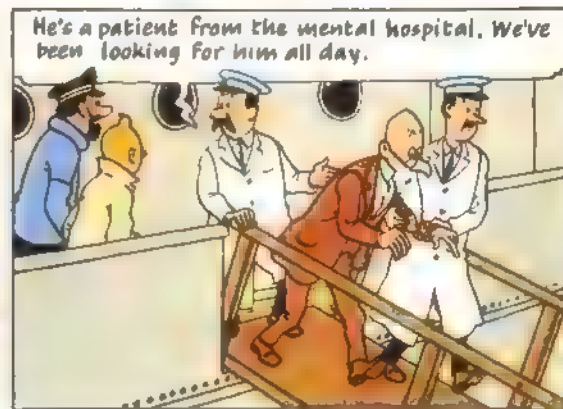
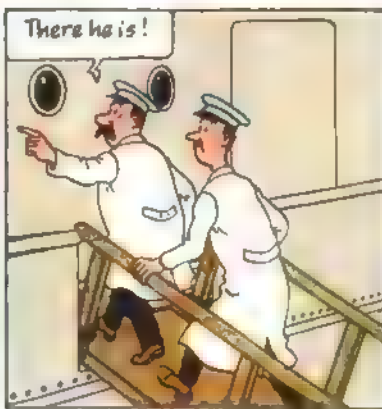


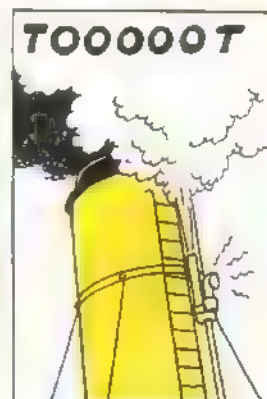
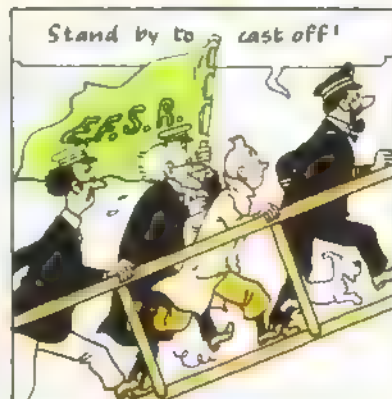
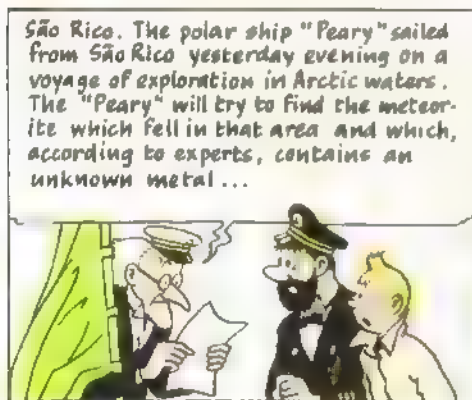
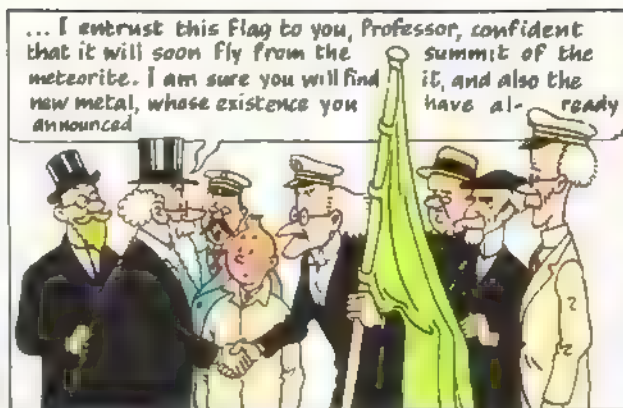














The last moorings have been cast off. This is the moment of departure... The ship is moving slowly away from the quay. The "Aurora" has sailed... Sailed away in search of a shooting star...



You have been listening to an eyewitness account of the departure of the polar research ship "Aurora". The programme was relayed through all European networks.

Ha! ha! ha! I wish them the best of luck!

You're quite sure that they won't succeed?

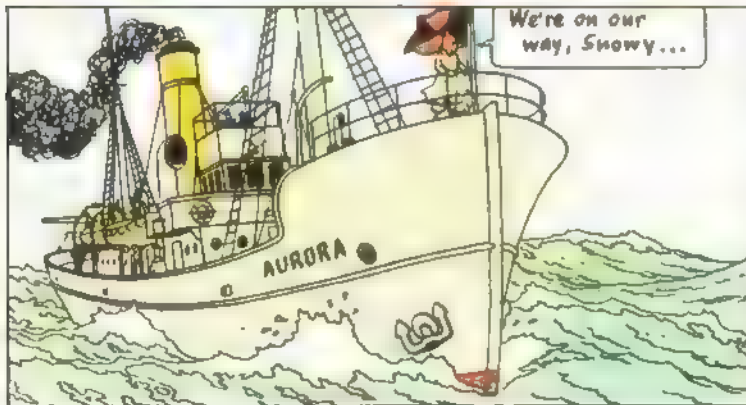
My dear fellow, you've been my secretary long enough to know that if the Bohlwinkel Bank has financed the "Peary" expedition, there is no question of failure. Believe me: the "Aurora" hasn't a chance.

I hope so, Mr. Bohlwinkel. But still...

Yes, I know the "Aurora" sailed sooner than I anticipated... The fault of that fool Hayward, bungling his job. But don't worry, I've taken care of everything...

Ah, good, good...

You see, my dear fellow, the scientific expedition is just a cover for my plan to take possession of this meteorite... and the unknown metal Professor Phostle was naive enough to tell us about. There's a colossal fortune waiting there for us. A colossal fortune, and I don't intend to lose it!

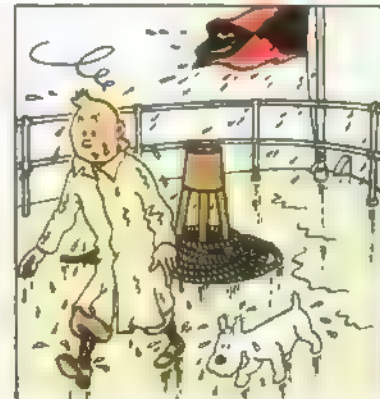
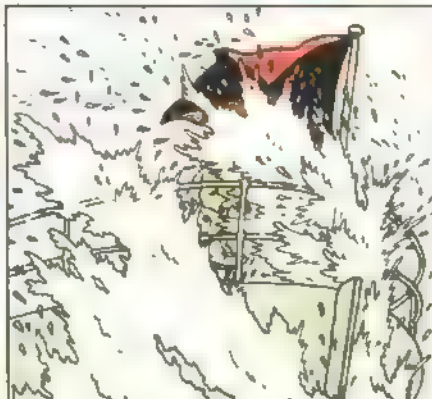
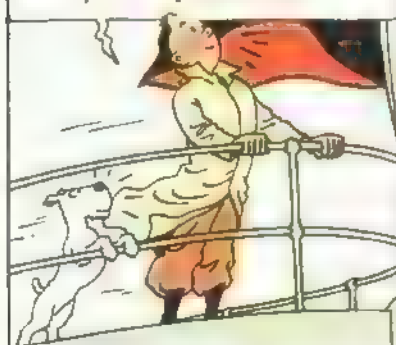


We're on our way, Snowy...

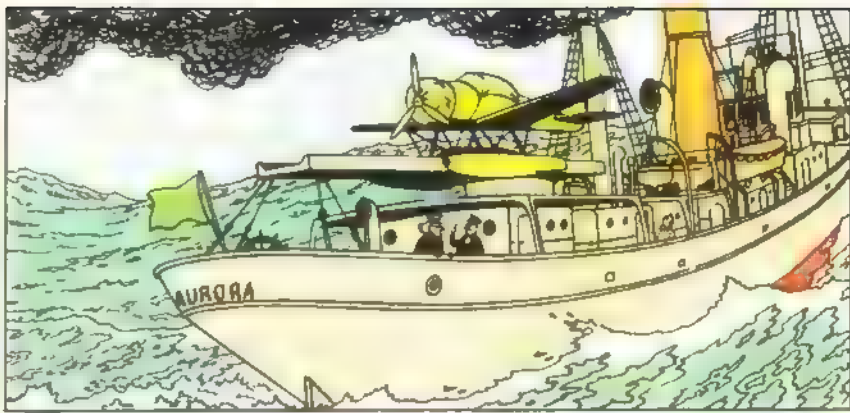
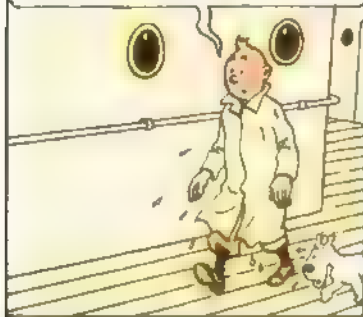
This will blow away the cobwebs, eh, Snowy? What wonderful air... the real tang of the sea!

Yes, you can smell the fish...

Do as I do, Snowy. Breathe deeply. Fill your lungs with fresh air.



Let's go aft to the stern, Snowy. Anyway, it'll soon be time for lunch...



Look, Snowy, there's our seaplane up there, on its catapult. It will help in our search for the meteorite.



Ahoj there, steward!... You can announce lunch. Everything's ready.



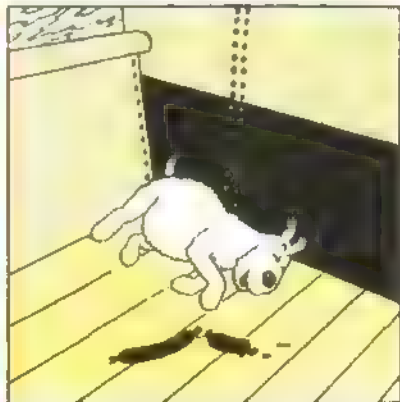
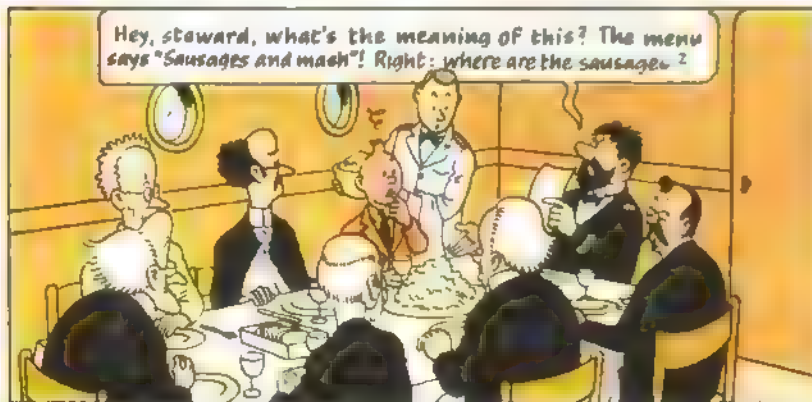
First service for luncheon!



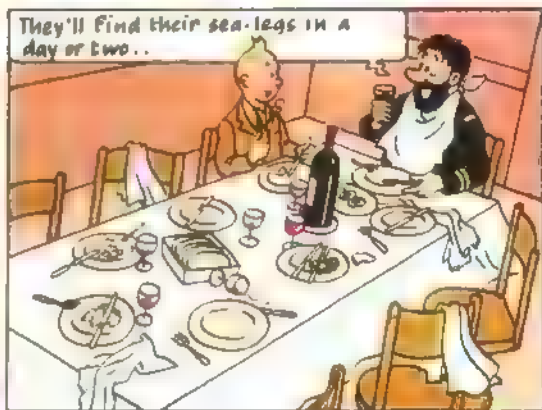
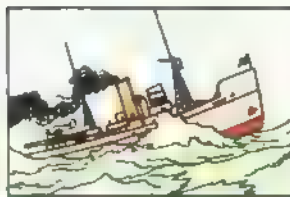
Where's Snowy got to? I don't see him about.



Hey, steward, what's the meaning of this? The menu says "Sausages and mash"! Right: where are the sausages?







*That night.*

Impossible to sleep a wink... She's rolling worse than ever... Fairly dancing a jig!



*Meanwhile, in  
Sao Paulo*

Any further news of the "Kentucky Star"?



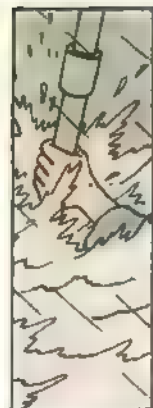
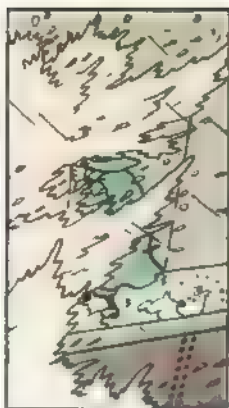
Nothing more, Mr. Bohlwinkel...

I've a good mind to go and join the Captain on the bridge.





Careful, Snowy, mind how you go!



Whew! ... I ... honestly, I thought I'd been swept overboard. But Snowy! ... Where's Snowy?



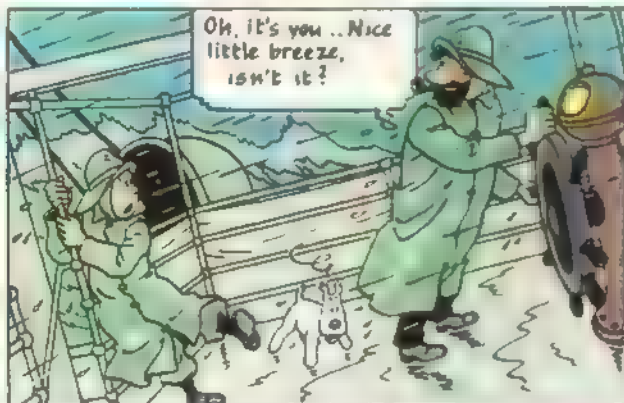
Snowy!



Snowy! ...



That was a near thing, Snowy! ... Heavens, what a storm! What a frightful storm!



Oh, it's you ... Nice little breeze, isn't it?



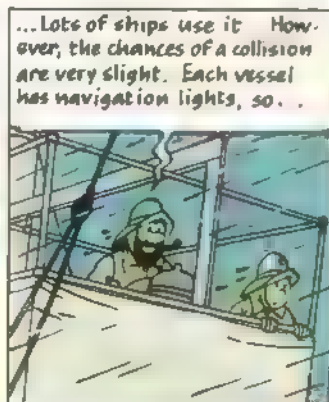
What? ... A breeze? [isn't this a gale?]

A gale? What an idea! ... A mere draught, that's all.



So we aren't in any danger, then?

None. Still, you've got to be careful, visibility's almost down to zero ... and the shipping lane we're in now, the North Channel, is a pretty busy one.



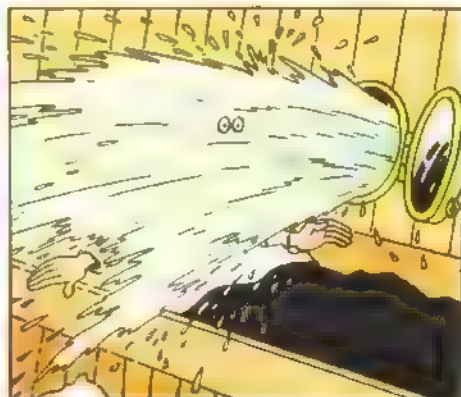
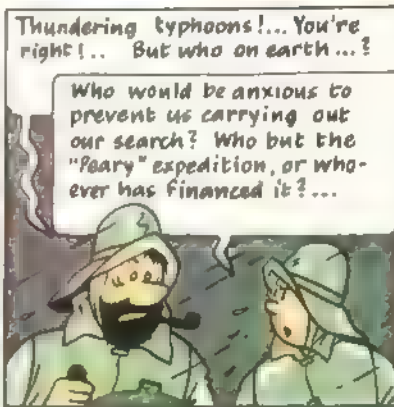
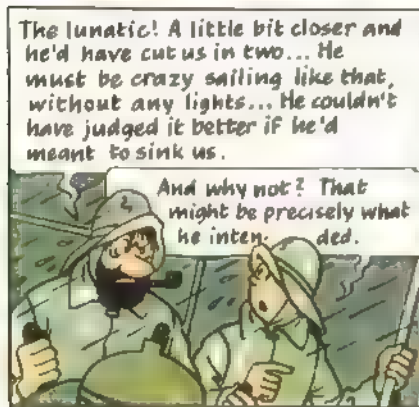
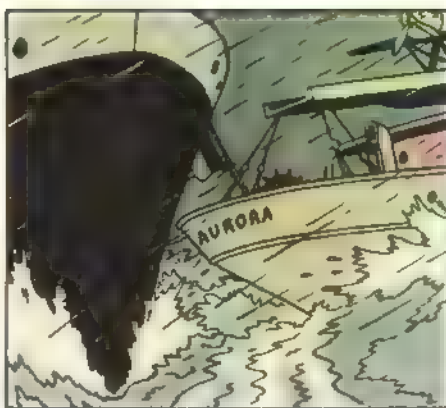
... Lots of ships use it. However, the chances of a collision are very slight. Each vessel has navigation lights, so ...

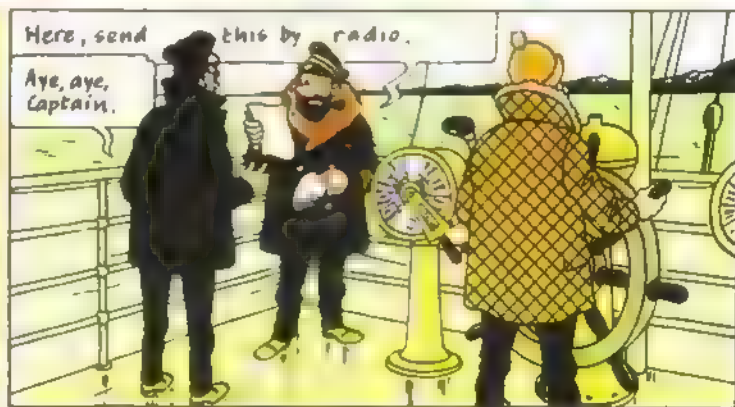
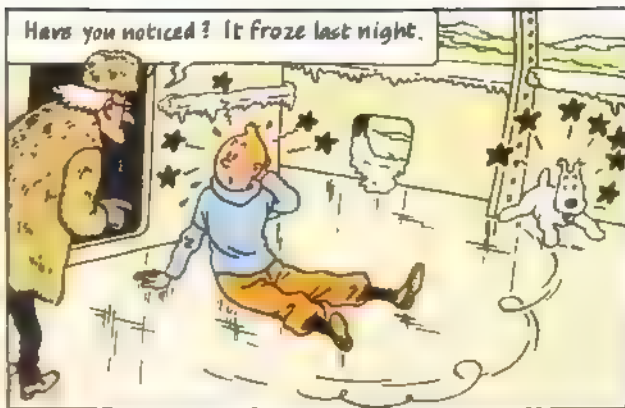


Help!

Thundering typhoons!

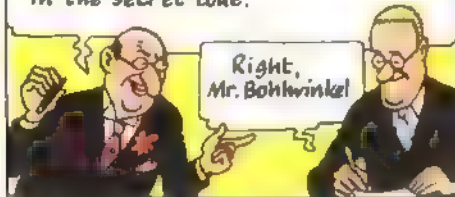




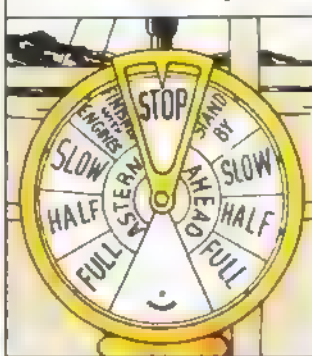




Bohlwinkel Bank to Smithers, general agent for Golden Oil, Reykjavik, Iceland. Circulate following order immediately to all agents for Golden Oil in Iceland: Absolute prohibition against refuelling polar vessel Aurora... There! Have that sent in the secret code.



The next morning ...



So here we are in Akureyri. Shall we be staying here long, Captain?



Just long enough to fill up with oil. Then we set out for Greenland.



There. I'm going to order the fuel. It won't take a minute.



Good morning. I want my ship refuelled with oil.



Polar research ship "Aurora". Captain Haddock.

Oh?... You're the Captain of... of the "Aurora"?



Oh!... I... I've bad news for you, Captain. I suddenly remembered, we haven't a drop of fuel oil in stock...



What's that you say? No fuel oil?... That's absurd! I've got to have oil, d'you hear?



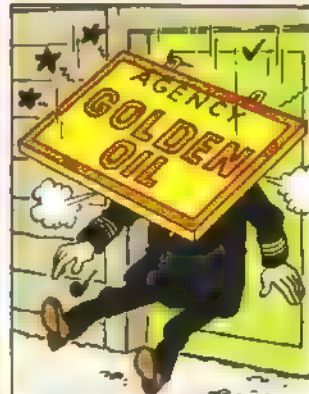
That sounds like an argument...

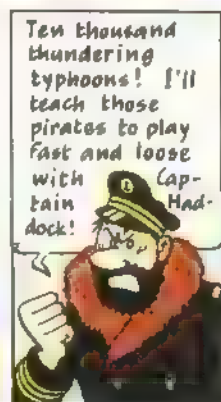
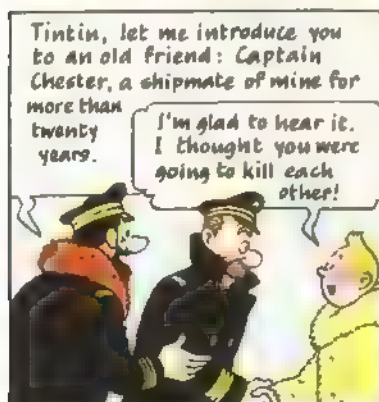


It's disgraceful, I tell you! Disgraceful!

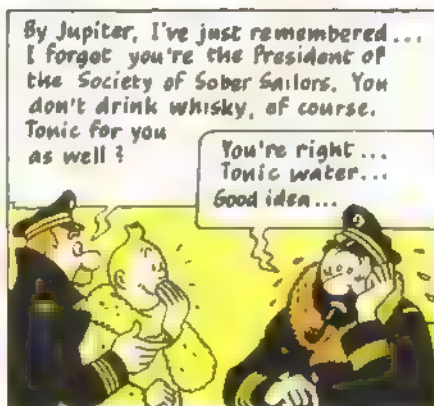
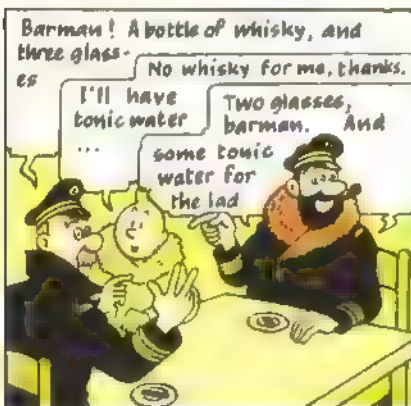
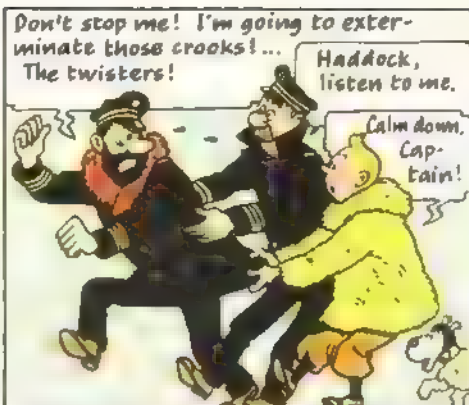


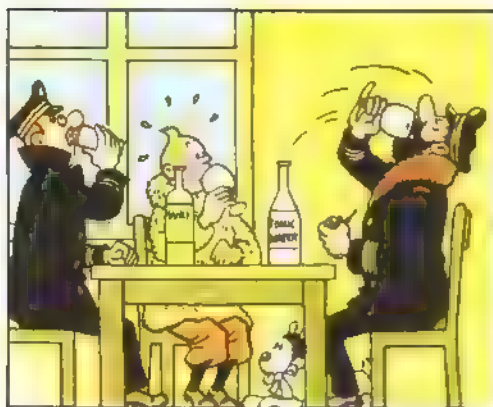
Remember! On your own head be it!











Aaaaaaaah!...  
The tonic in these parks  
does you a power of  
good!



Now, tell us your idea.

Look, where is your  
ship moored?



Yes, where's she  
moored, the  
"Sisi"... the  
"Sirius"?

Just astern of the "Aurora".

That's fine!... And you're  
refuelling tomorrow morn-  
ing?... Splendid!... Now,  
listen...

Li-li-listen carefully,  
Chester. This boy al-  
ways has ex-x-x-x-  
cellent ideas.

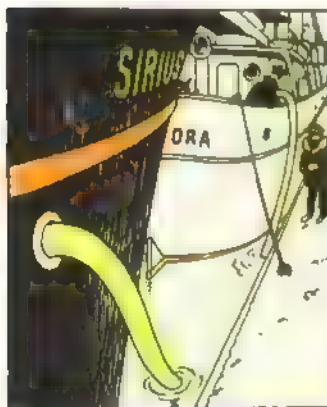
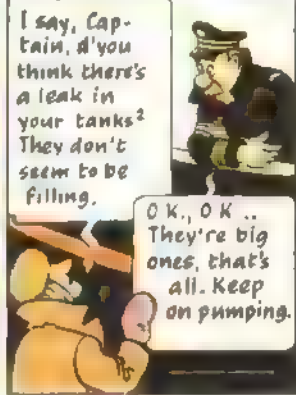


The next morning...



I say, Cap-  
tain, d'you  
think there's  
a leak in  
your tanks?  
They don't  
seem to be  
filling.

O K, O K..  
They're big  
ones, that's  
all. Keep  
on pumping.



That's the lot, Captain! Our  
canks are full



Will you send off this cable?

"Smithers, Golden Oil, Reykjavik.  
Your orders carried out. Aurora  
stays here until new instructions  
received. Signed Payne." That'll  
be seven krón- ur.



Good That's the  
"Sirius" going out...



It's not the "Sirius"!  
.. It's the  
"Aurora"!!







Good bye, old man!... Sorry to be leaving you!

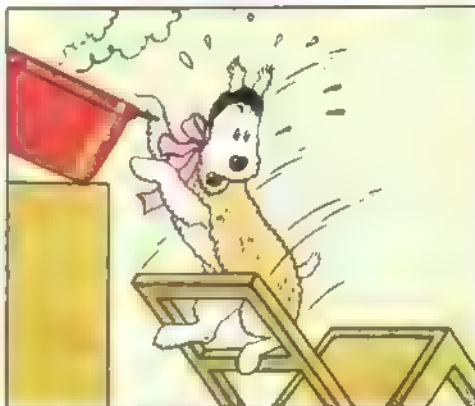
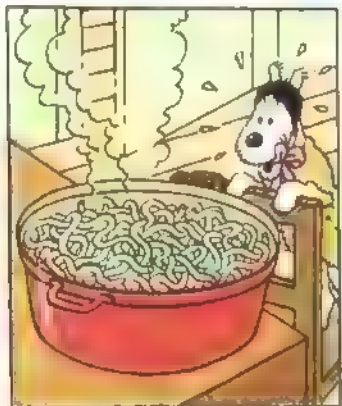


So, we're on our way again. Now for some lunch.

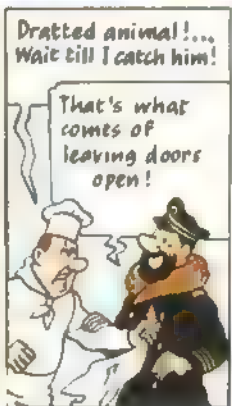
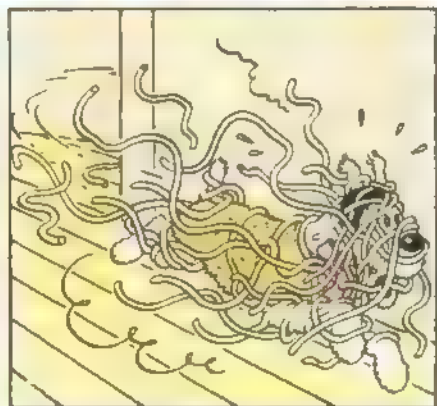


Ah, here's the cook!... What have you dished up for us today?

Spaghetti, Captain.



CRASH



Drafted animal!... Wait till I catch him!

That's what comes of leaving doors open!



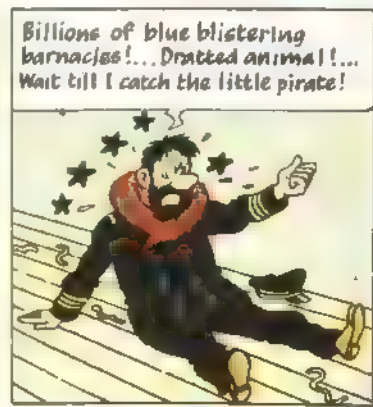
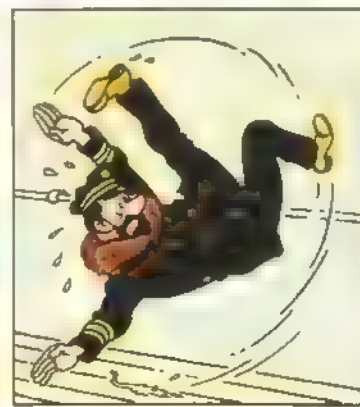
Come now, don't look so angry. It's no good getting cross: a waste of time. Anyway, someone enjoyed your spaghetti!



Just keep your sense of humour...



One must always keep one's sense of humour...



Billions of blue blistering barnacles!... Drafted animal!... Wait till I catch the little pirate!

A week later...



This is where we are. We've crossed the 72nd parallel. You will confine your search to an area between 73 and 78 North, and 8 and 13 West... You understand?

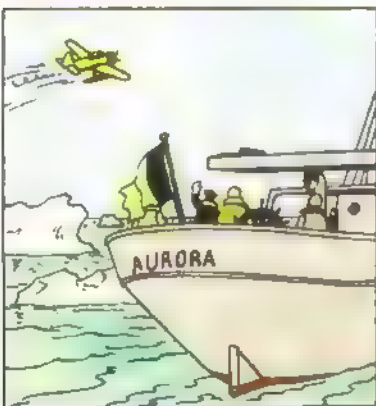
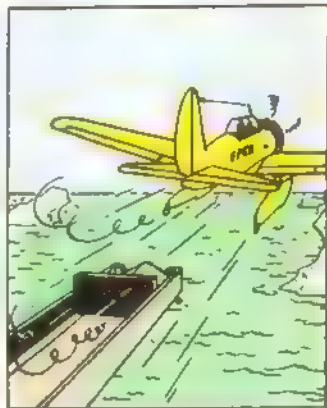
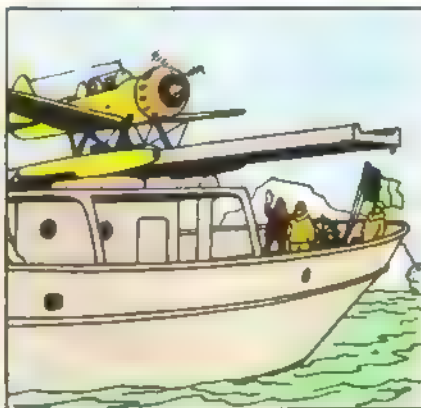
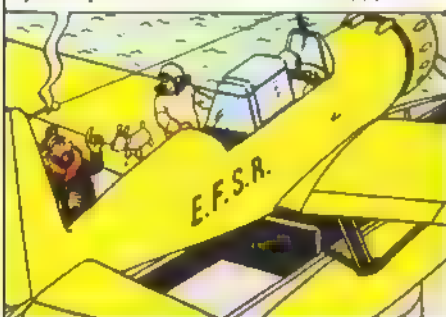


Right.

Above all, don't take risks: don't go beyond the limits we fixed.

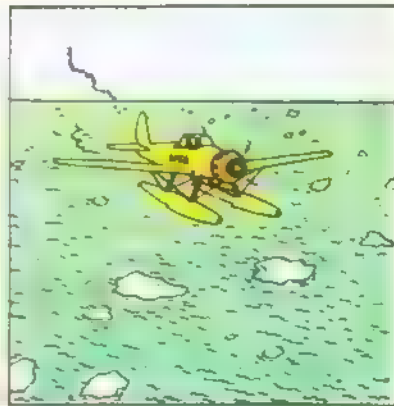


And don't forget to maintain contact by radio. Goodbye, and good luck. Keep your eyes skinned for the meteorite.



There they go...

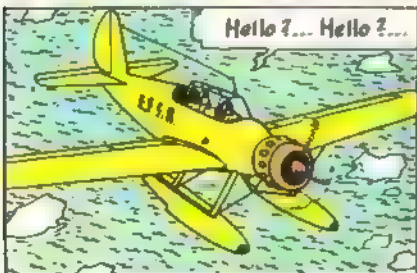
Let's hope they don't run into any trouble.



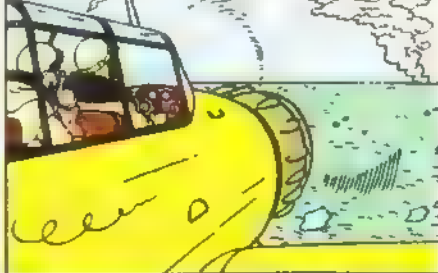
Hello?... Receiving you loud and clear... What?... You've seen something?

The meteorite?

Something peculiar. The sky's quite clear. But there's a great column of white vapour rising from one spot about 20° East.



Hello?... Hello?...





How extraordinary. They've seen a great column of white vapour on the horizon.

Quick!... Give me the microphone.



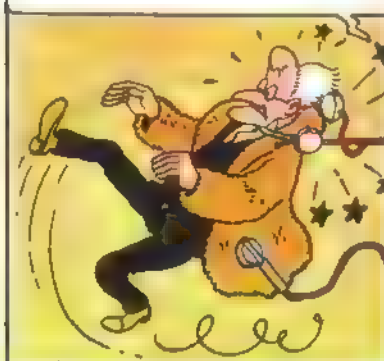
This is Professor Phostle. Tell me, does the column of vapour seem to be coming from a definite point? ... You say there are no other clouds in sight? The sky is clear?



That's it!... They've found the meteorite!!



Careful! The earphones.



Forgive me. I forgot! Yes, Captain, it's the meteorite causing the column of vapour. The heat emitted from it has already melted the ice. Gradually the water surrounding it is warming up.



Thus water-vapour is created, and this is rising up to form the clouds which they have seen.



Blistering barnacles!

Hello? Hello?... You have found the meteorite!... Hooray!... Hello?... Are you receiving me?



Hello?... Hello?... Hello?... They're not answering any more!...



Tell me, Captain, should these wires be connected to anything?

Thundering typhoons!... The leads weren't plugged in!



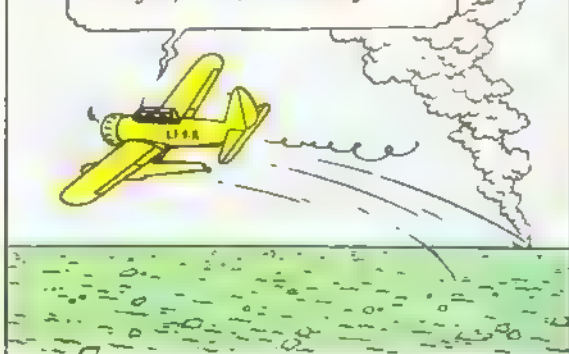
There! That's fixed it.



Hello?... Ah, you can hear me... Turn round and come back... The vapour is caused by the meteorite... yes... Come back, you've completed your mission.



All right, we're returning.

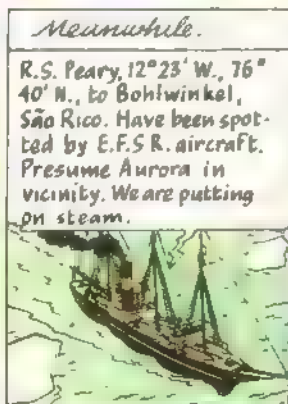
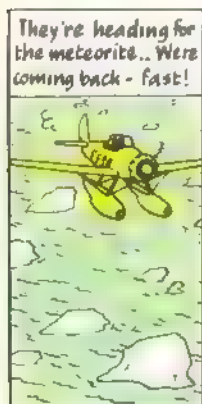
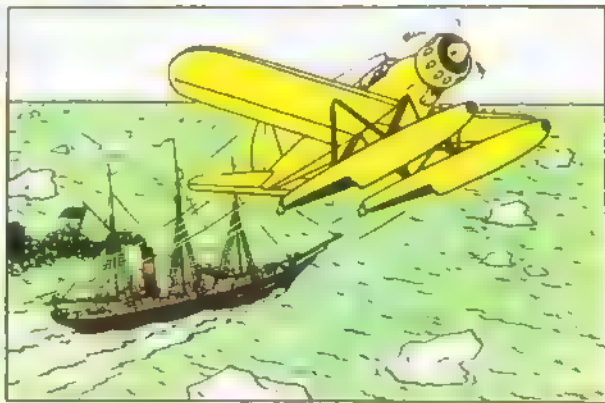
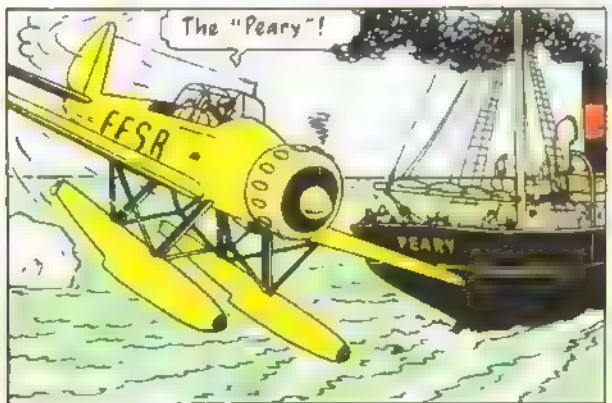
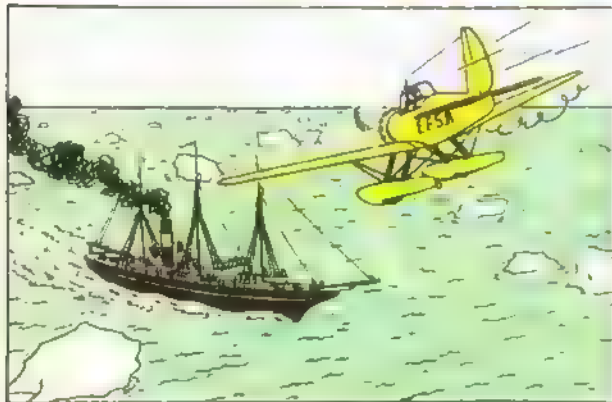
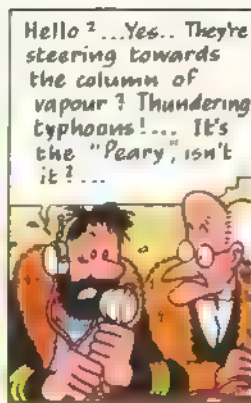
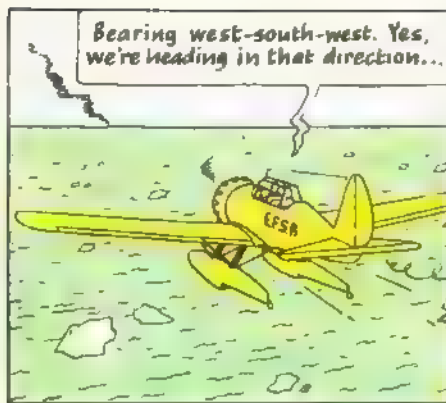


Look down there!...



Hello?... Yes?... What did you say? Smoke?... Smoke from a ship?... Where?... In which direction?...







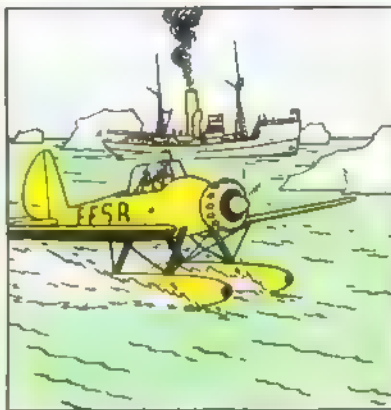
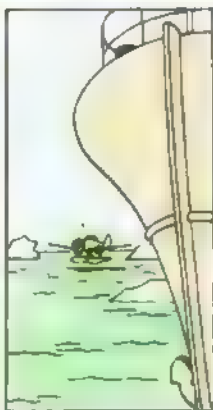
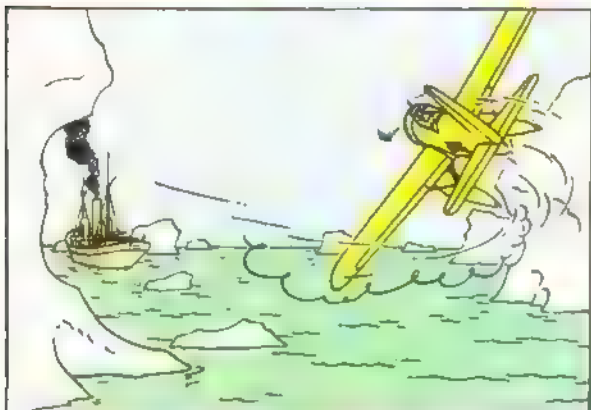
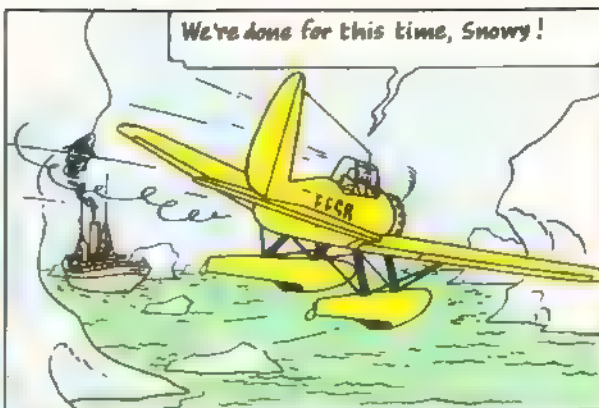
Well, Snowy old boy, if we get out of this in one piece we'll be lucky!



Thundering typhoons! ...They scraped against that one... and that one too!... Whew! they just missed it!



We're done for this time, Snowy!

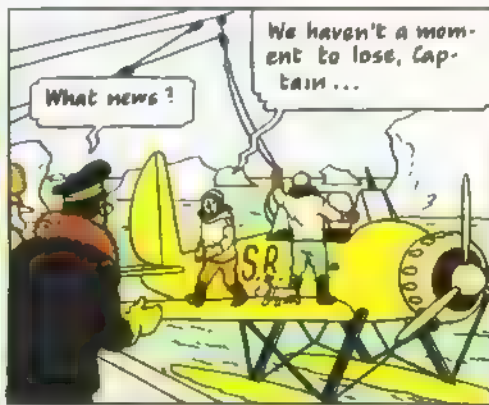


Hooray! He's a real ace!



We haven't a moment to lose, Captain...

What news?



The "Peary" is a hundred and fifty miles ahead of us. We must overtake her!

A hundred and fifty miles ahead!!



This is the end ... We've lost the race.



No, Captain, we're not finished yet. Come on, let's have a look at the chart.

It's useless.



Look, the "Peary" is there... And this is our position. Our maximum speed is 16 knots. The "Peary" can't do more than 12 knots. We could therefore gain on them by 4 miles each hour. They're 150 miles ahead. So in  $37\frac{1}{2}$  hours we'd have caught up with the "Peary"

Yes, unless they'd reached the meteorite by then...

Captain, we must try to overtake the "Peary"! ... This is no moment to throw up the sponge, just when victory is in sight.

Tintin's right; we must try, Captain.

That's all very fine! ... But to catch up 150 miles! ...

Impossible! ... It's quite futile to try. We're going to turn round and go home...

All right... er... I say, Captain, I'm frozen to death after that reconnaissance flight. I think I need a little whisky...

Some whisky? You? ...er... I'll just see if there is any...

You'll have a glass with us, won't you, Captain?

You bet I will!

On second thoughts, I really do think the game is up. It'd be far better to give up the struggle...

Give up the struggle? ... Never! ... Blistering barnacles, this is no moment to throw up the sponge, just when victory is in sight! Thundering typhoons! ... We'll show those P-P-Patagonian p-p-pirates what we can do! ... The l-l-lily-livered l-l-landlubbers!

Come on! We shall see what we shall see! ... Show a leg! On deck with you!

Get on with it, Chief! Thundering typhoons! jump to it! ... Full speed ahead! The enemy have 150 miles start on us: we've got to catch them up!

Cox'n at the wheel! Stick to your course. Steer North by East. And watch out for icebergs!

Aye, aye, sir.



Noon next day...

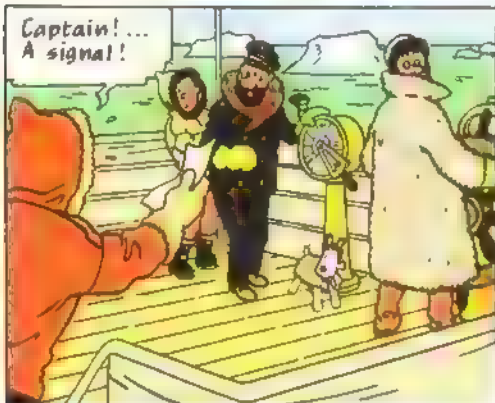
Hooray!... There she is!...  
That's smoke from the  
"Peary"!



We're steaming faster  
than she is!... We'll  
overtake them this  
evening, or during the  
night.



Captain!...  
A signal!



Read it!... This is the last straw!  
... What are we going to do? Blistering  
barnacles, what are we going to do?



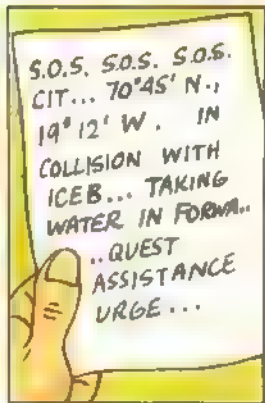
Ask our scientists  
to come to the  
saloon. Tell them I  
have important  
news...



Gentlemen, I'd like to read you a signal we've just picked up.  
It's a distress call. The text is disjointed, as if the trans-  
mitter was damaged. Even the name of the ship is  
incomplete.



S.O.S. S.O.S. S.O.S.  
CIT... 70°45' N.,  
19°12' W. IN  
COLLISION WITH  
ICEB... TAKING  
WATER IN FORM...  
...QUEST  
ASSISTANCE  
URGE...



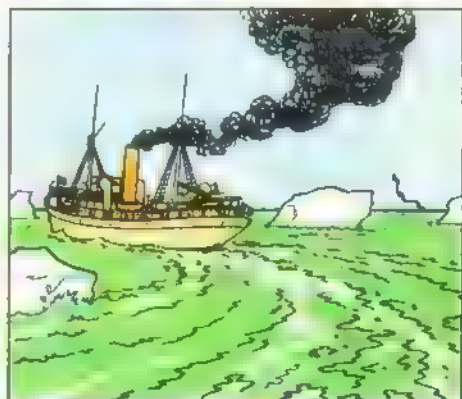
There it is, gentlemen.  
Either we can go to the aid  
of this ship, and abandon  
all hope of reaching the  
meteorite before the  
"Peary", or else we can  
continue on our course,  
and not answer this  
call... It's up to you to de-  
cide.

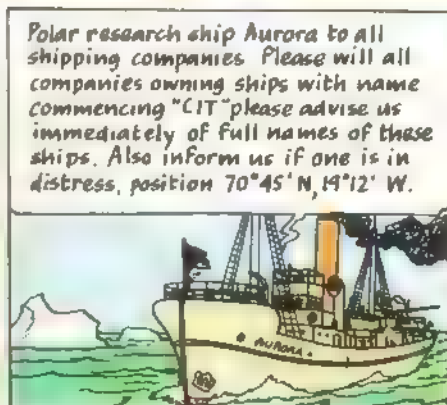
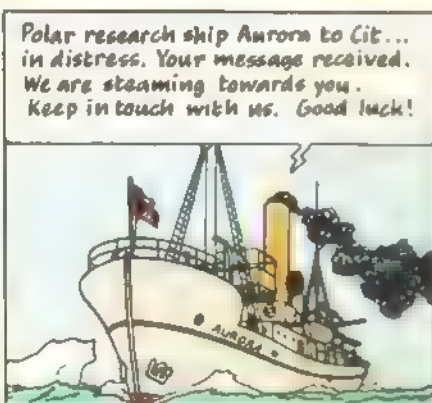


There's no question about it, Captain  
Human lives are in danger. We must  
go to their aid, even if it does cost  
us our prize...

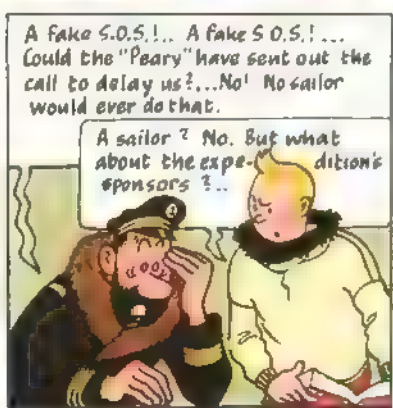
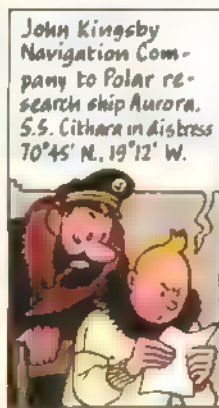
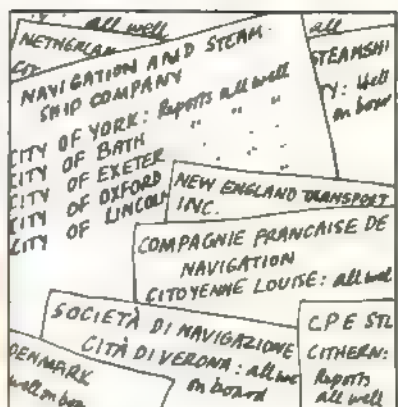
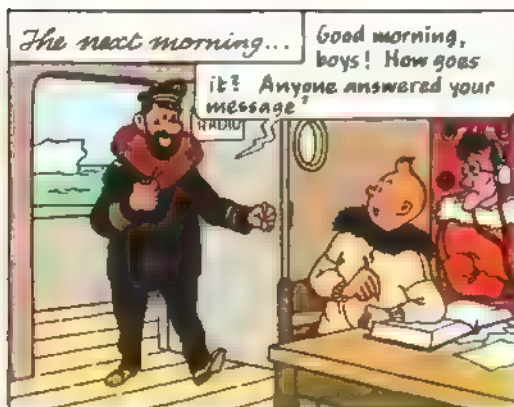
I was sure of your  
answer, Professor.  
We'll go about right  
away

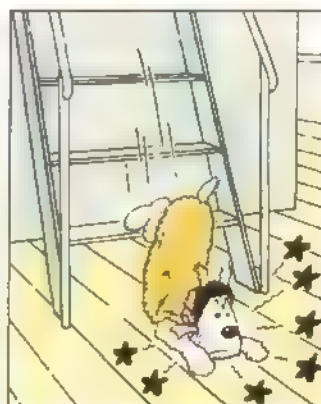
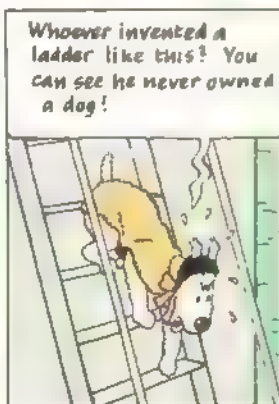
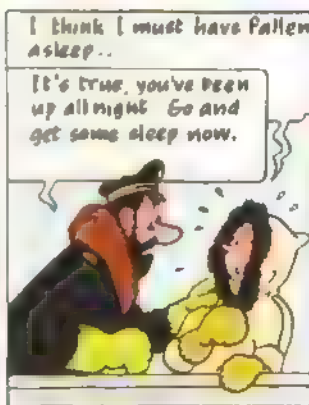
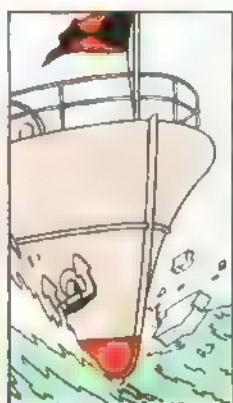
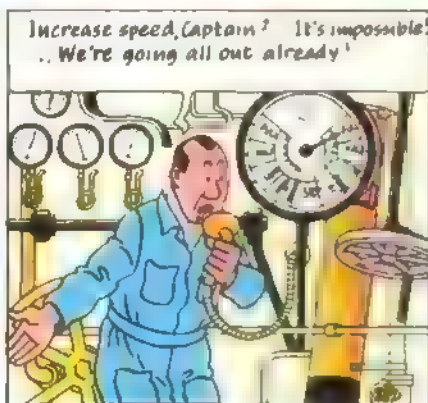
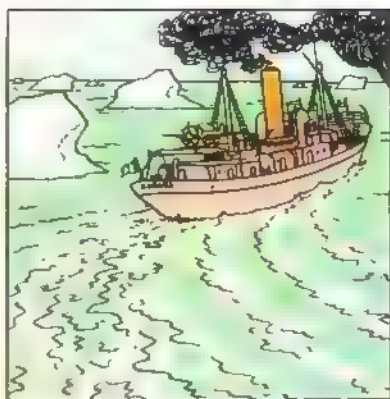
Bravo!



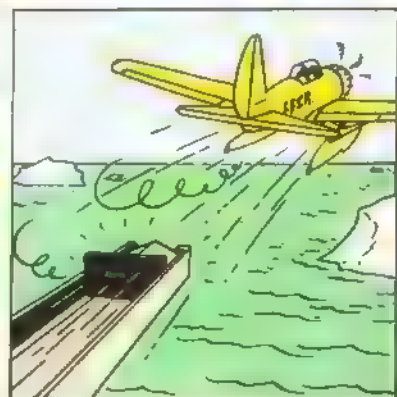
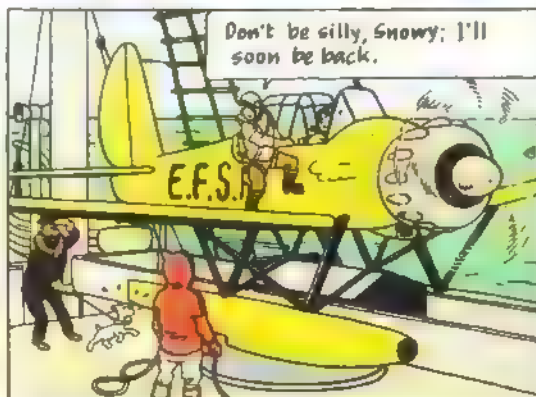
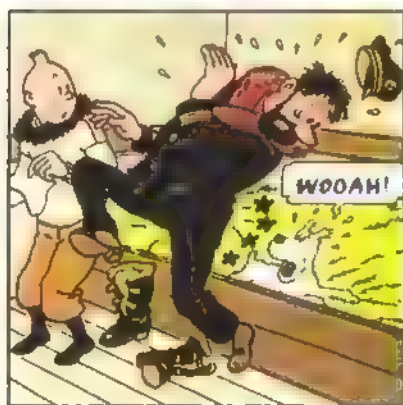
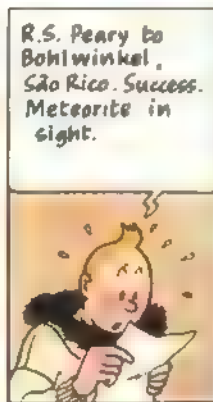
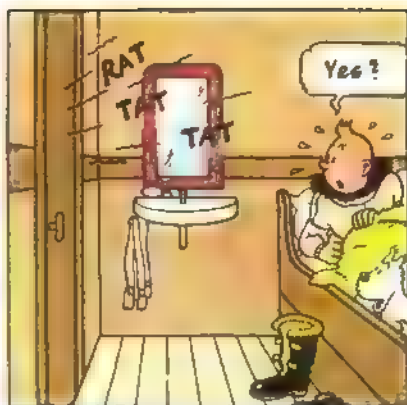
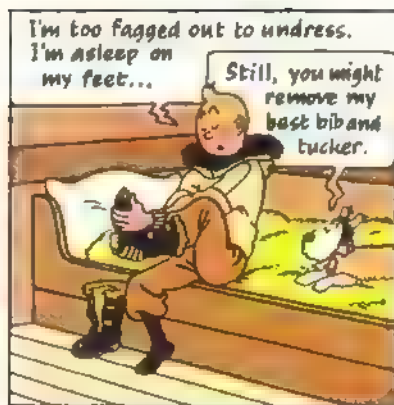


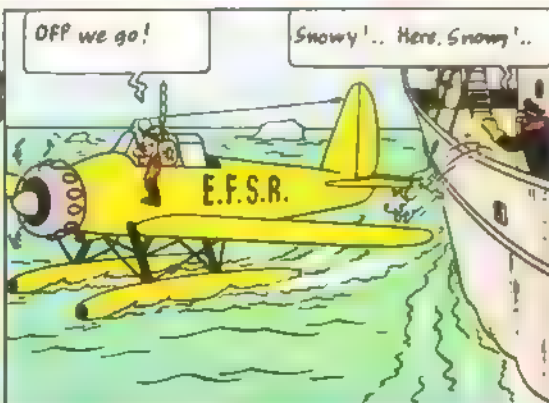
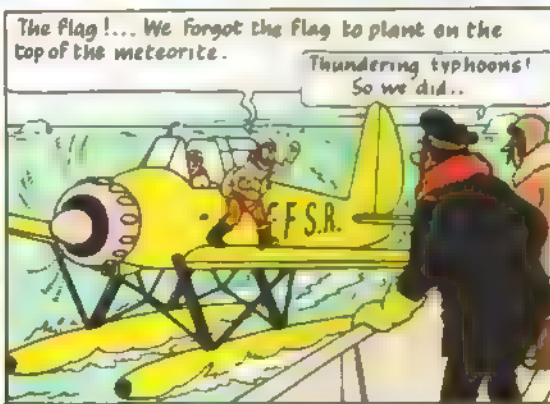
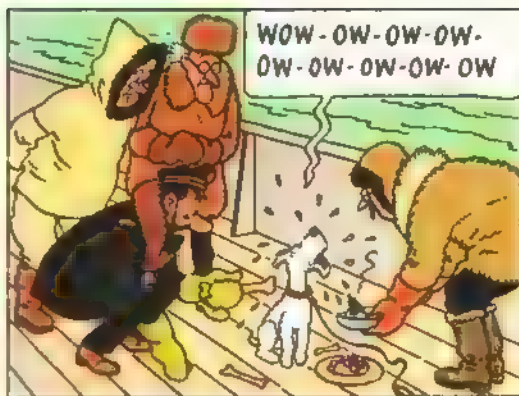
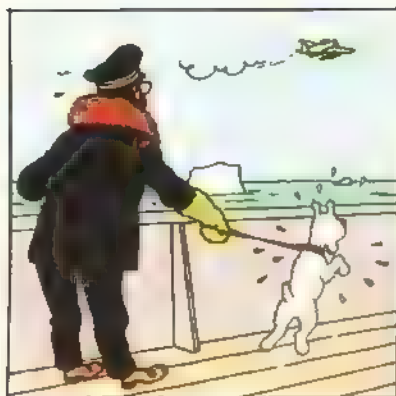




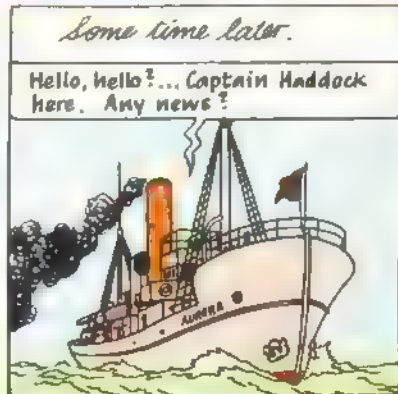
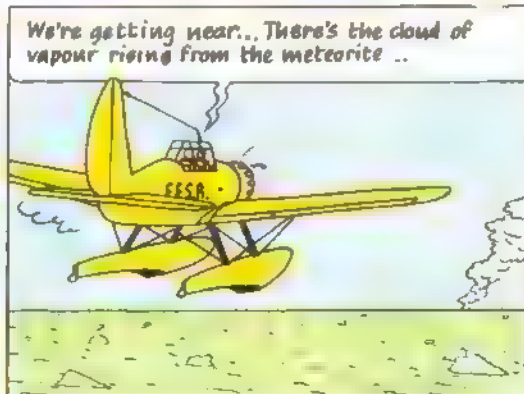
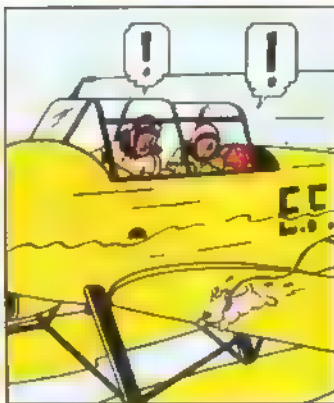
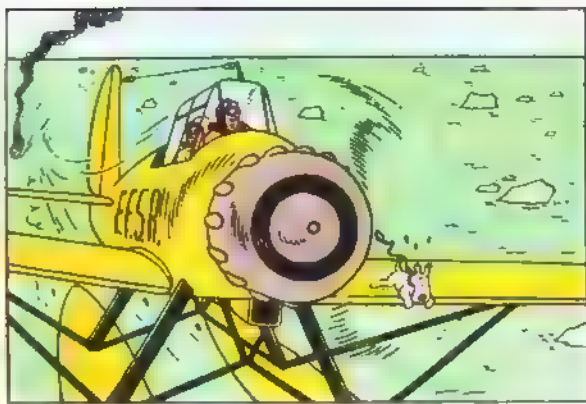
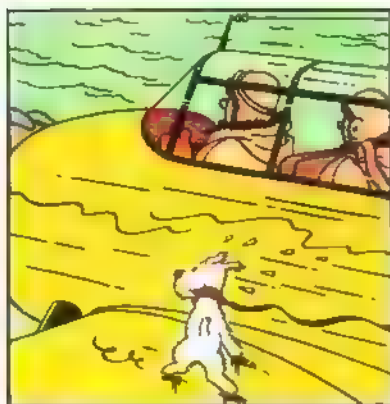




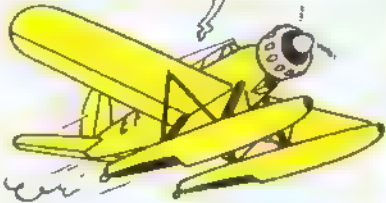








There isn't a single iceberg in sight, and the cloud of vapour is much nearer. We certainly can't be very far away now.



The meteorite! There's the meteorite!



Hello... Tintin here... We can see the meteorite!!



Really? You mean that? ... You can see the meteorite!... Hooray!... What's it like?



It forms an island, sloping gently towards the west, and ... Great snakes!... The "Peary" has beaten us to it!



The "Peary" has beaten them to it.



Tell me... I suppose their flag is already flying from the top of the meteorite!



Their flag?... Wait... No, I can't see a flag



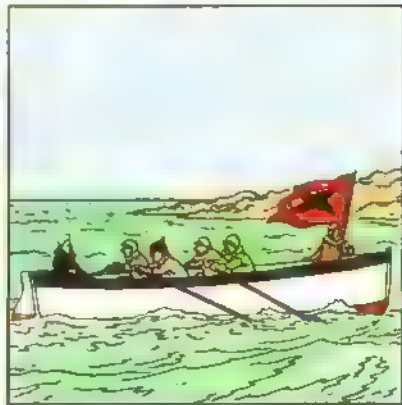
Hooray! Then there's still hope!



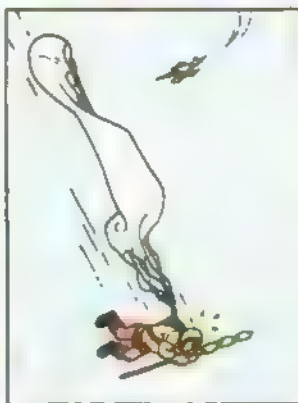
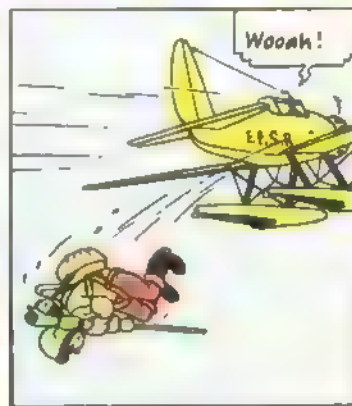
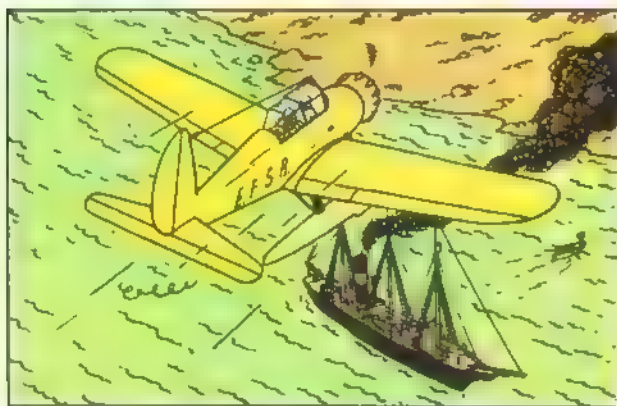
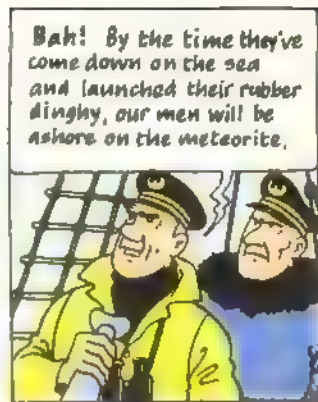
Perhaps, I can just make out what's happening aboard the "Peary"... it looks as if... as if ...

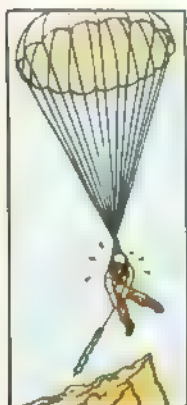
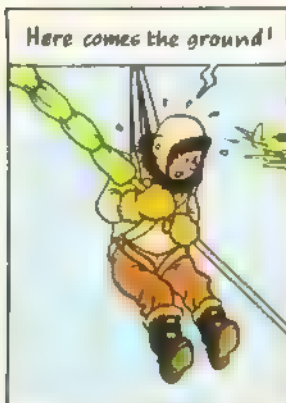
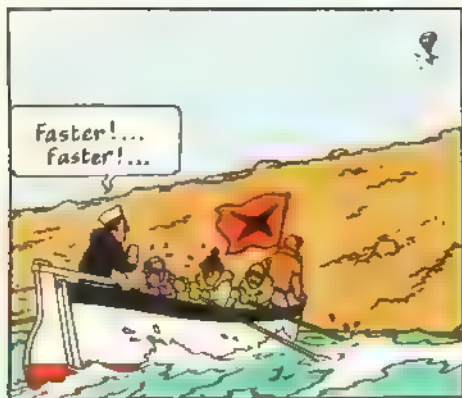


Yes... they're just lowering a boat...

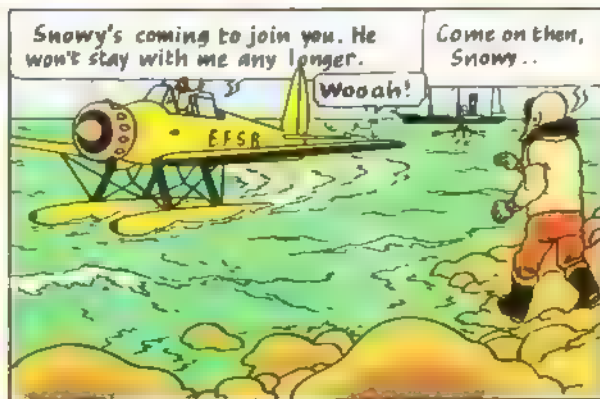
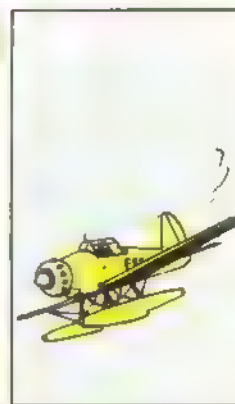
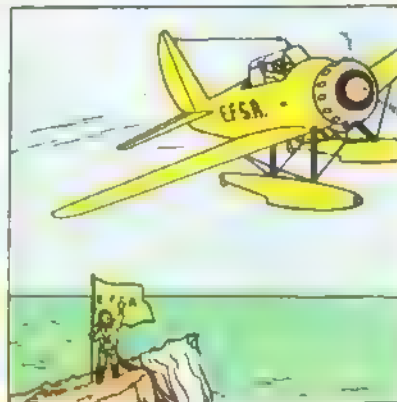
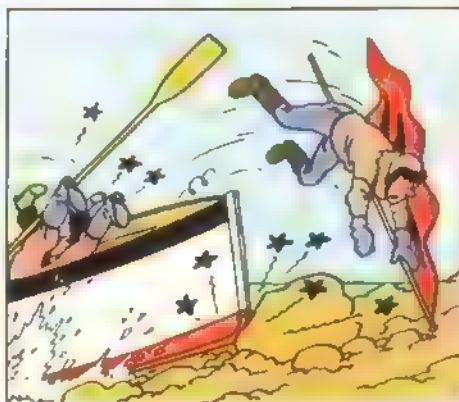
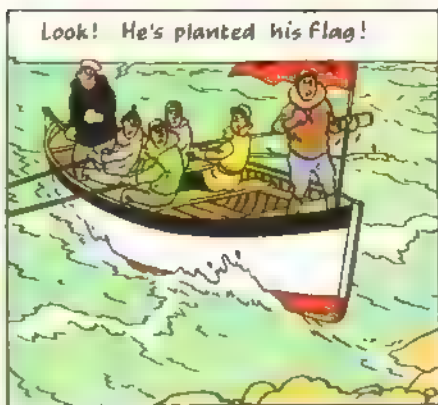


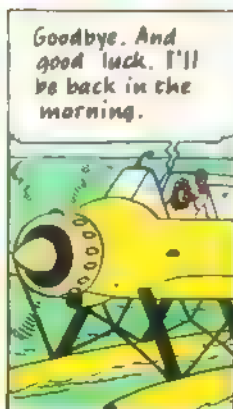
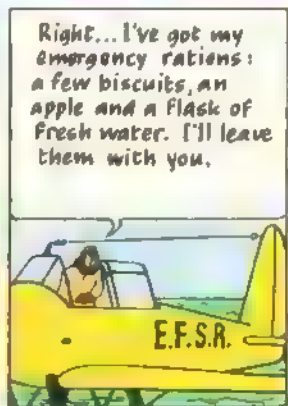
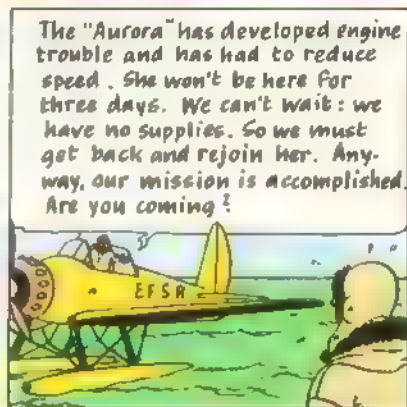
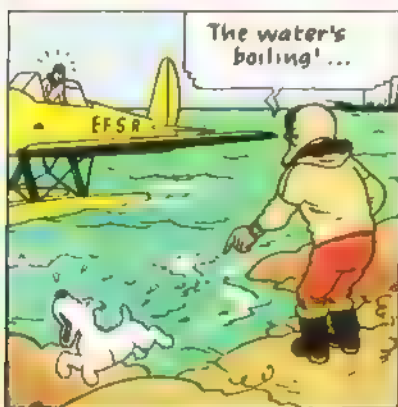
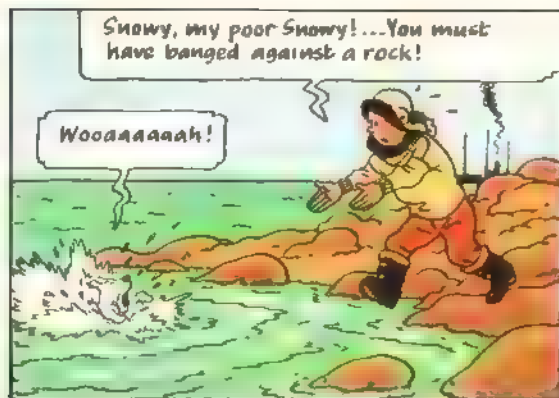




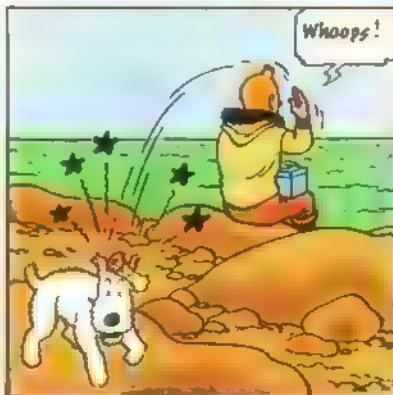
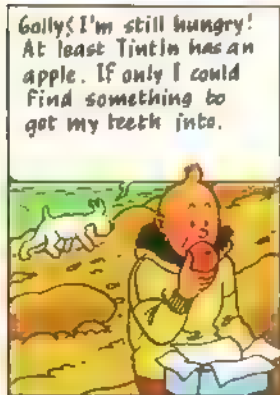




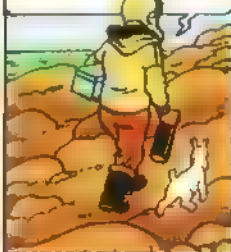








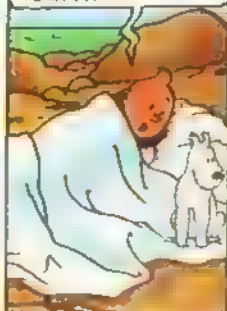
Our parachute will come in handy again. We can use it for a mattress and as a blanket.



Lucky for us the air is quite warm. It's extraordinary when we're so near the Pole.



Good night, Snowy. Keep a good lookout...



BOOM



?



I thought I heard an explosion... Hello, the "Peary" has disappeared. She must have weighed anchor while we were asleep.



Still, that explosion?... I suppose I was dreaming...



BOOM



!



Tintin, I'm s...s... scared!

I've got it! It must be the island itself. It's probably a kind of small volcano... or a volcanic vent of some sort.



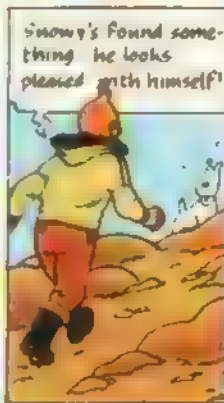
No! Not a sign of a crack, nor of a crater... So, now what?



Woah! Woah!



Snowy's found something he looks pleased with himself!



An egg!... An egg!... Great snakes!... Who can have laid that?

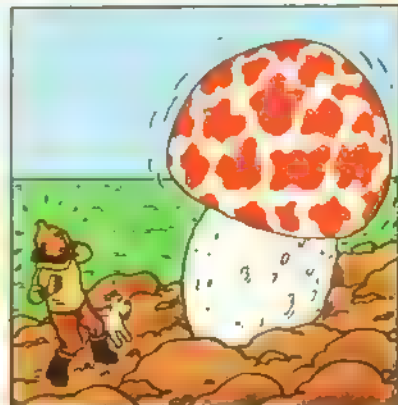


Come on, Tintin, let's scramble it.

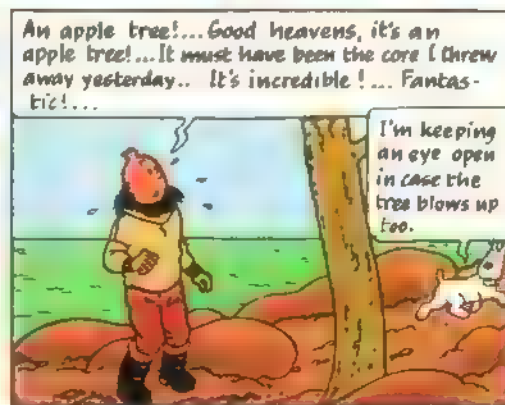
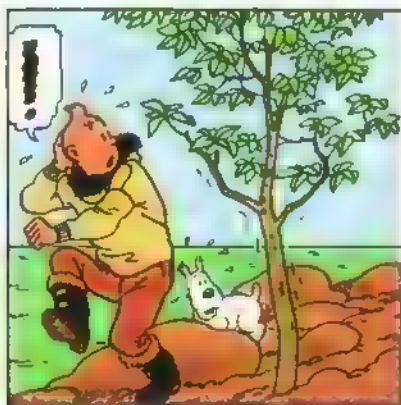
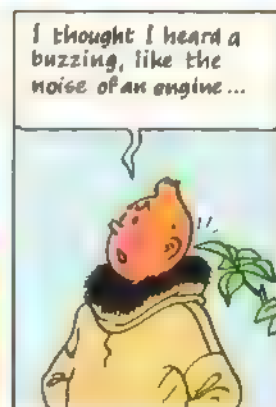
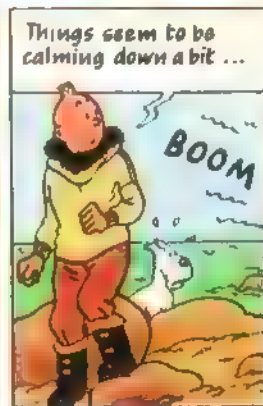
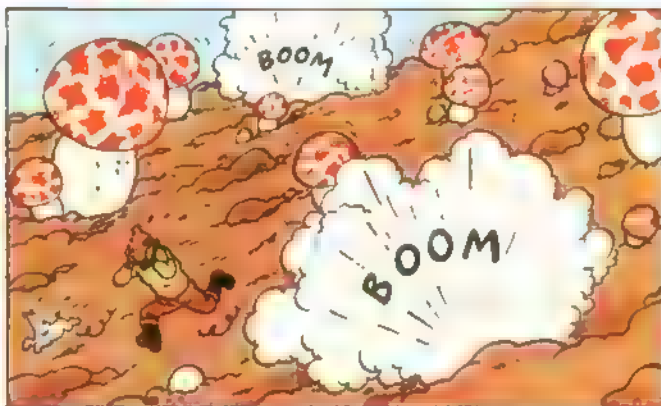
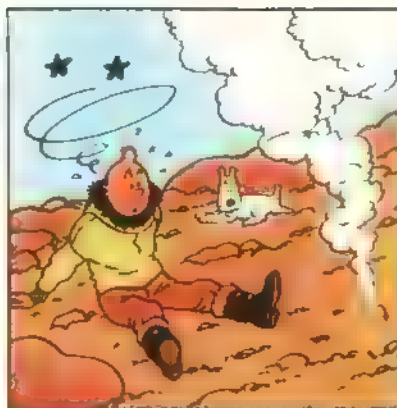
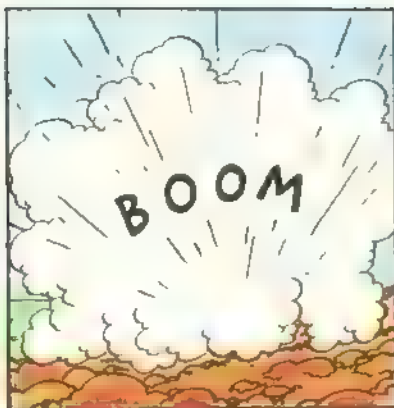
But...but... Unless I'm seeing things... The egg's getting bigger!

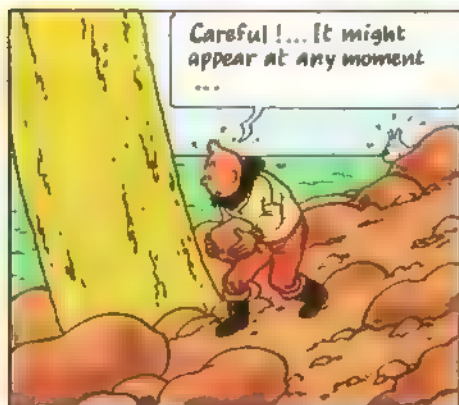
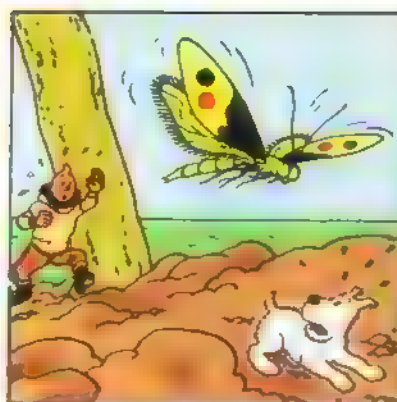


It's not an egg! It's a mushroom!...

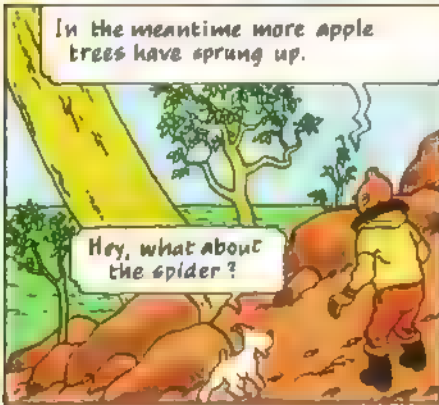
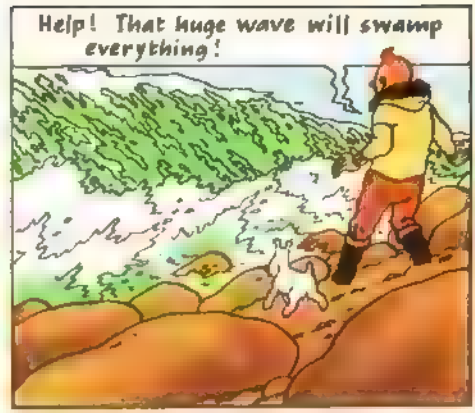
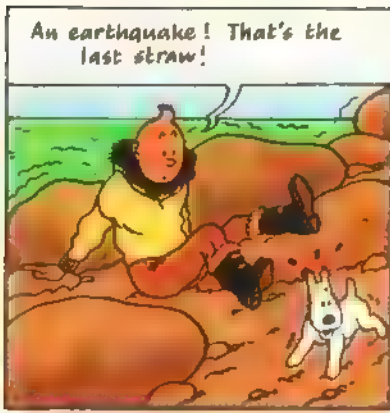


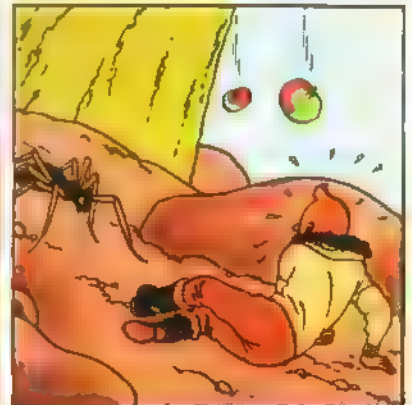
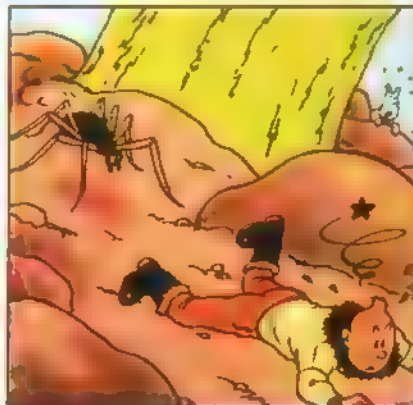
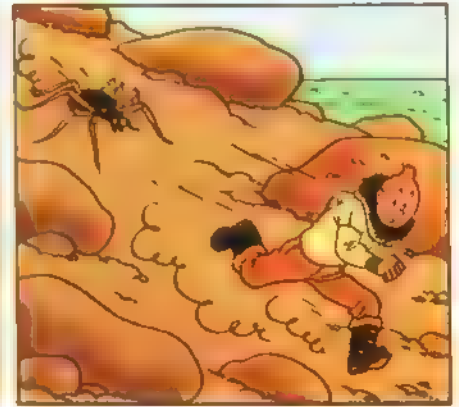
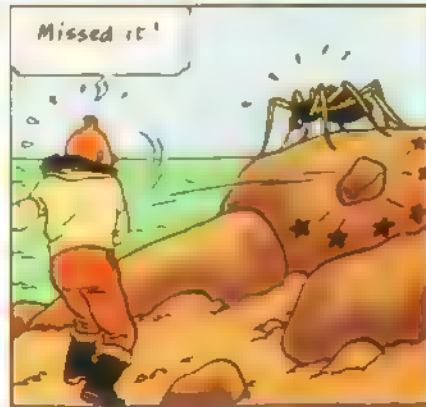
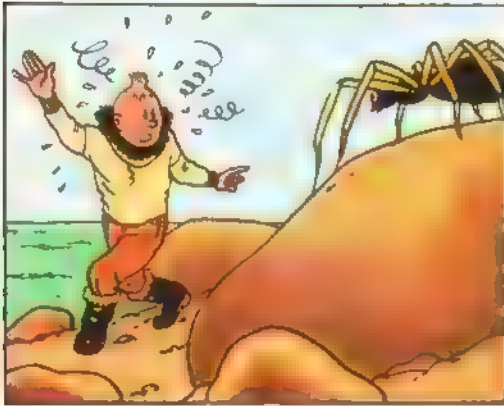




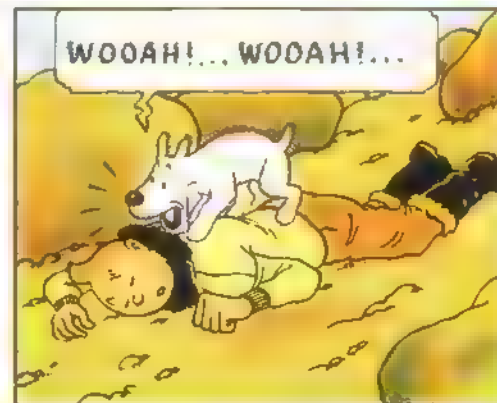
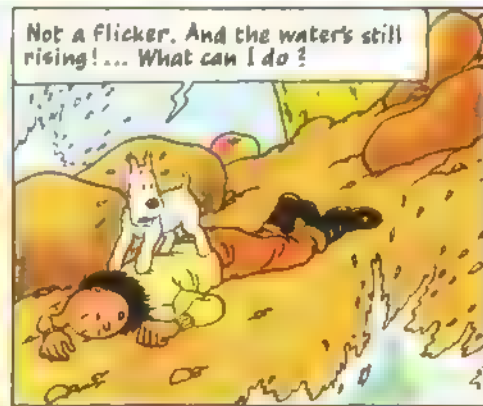
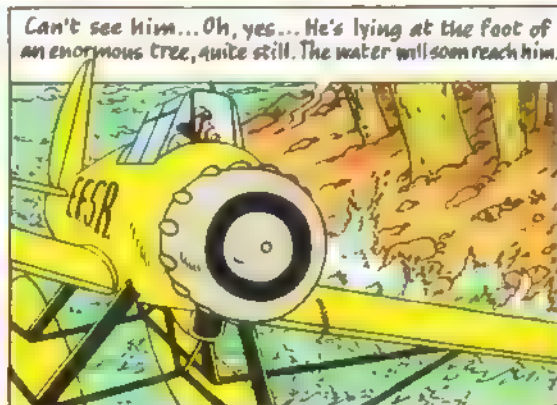
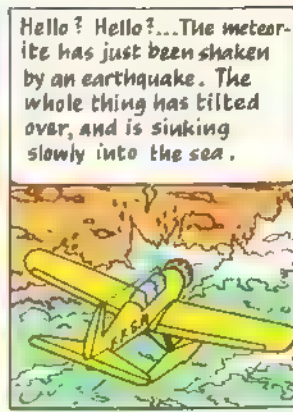


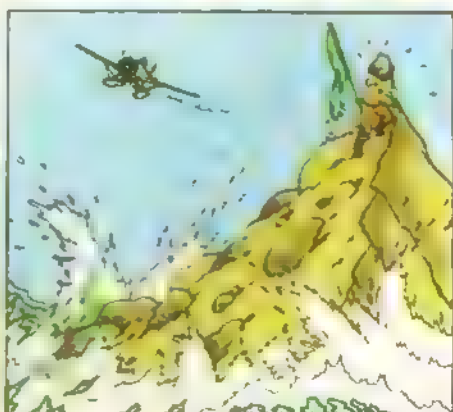
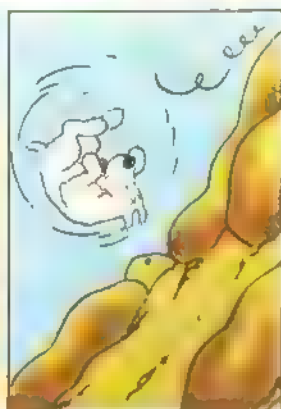
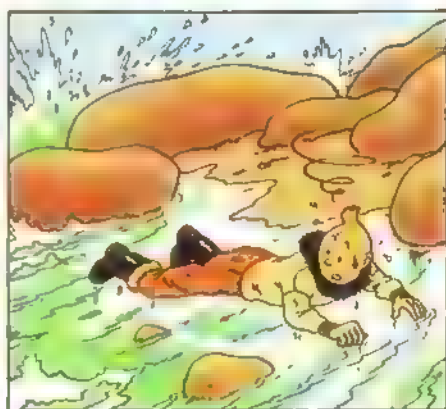
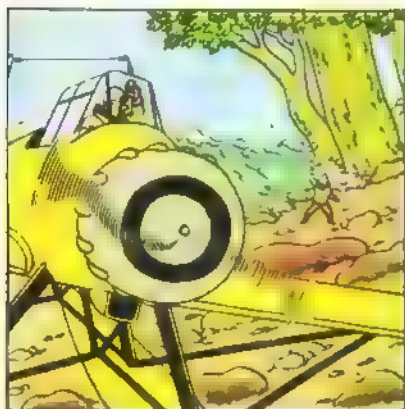






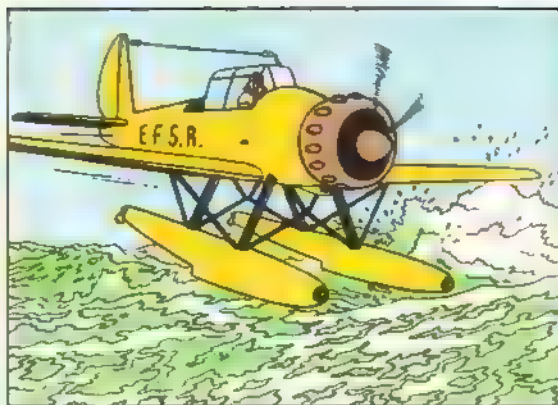
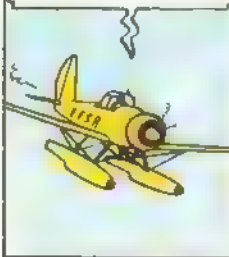




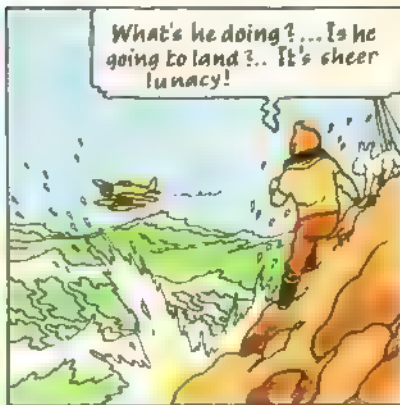




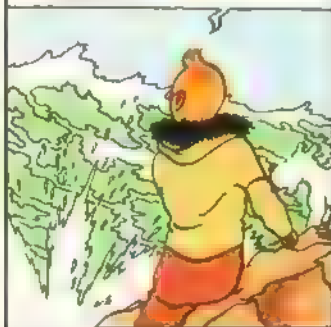
Here goes! It's neck or nothing! I simply must save him!



What's he doing?... Is he going to land?... It's sheer lunacy!



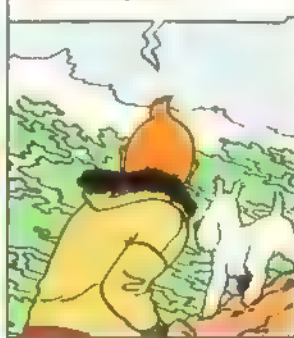
I can't see him any more. I hope to heaven he hasn't crashed...



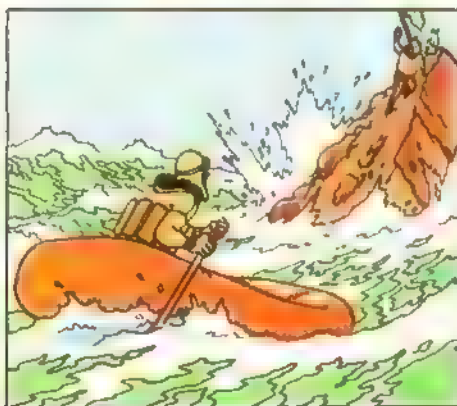
He made it! He managed to get down safely!



Now he's hidden by the waves again...

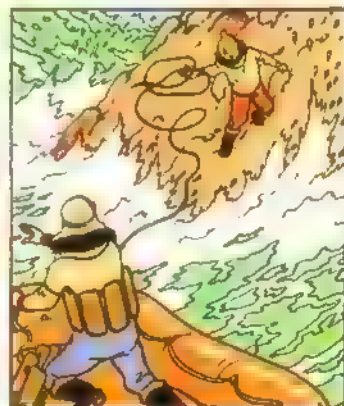
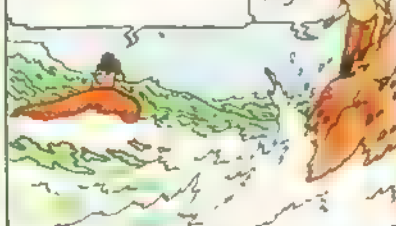


Hooray! He's succeeded in launching the rubber dinghy.



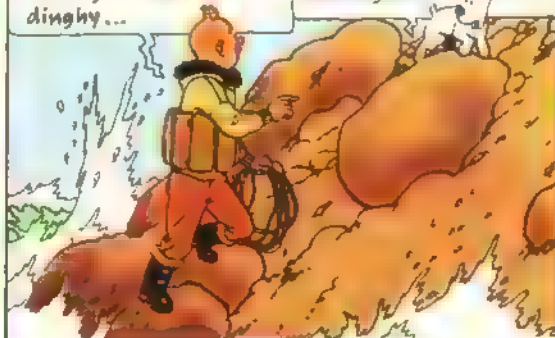
I can't come any closer: I'd be dashed on the rocks. I'll throw you a line with a life-jacket attached. Haul in the line and put the life-jacket on.

Right!



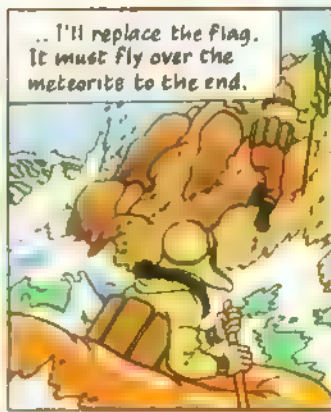
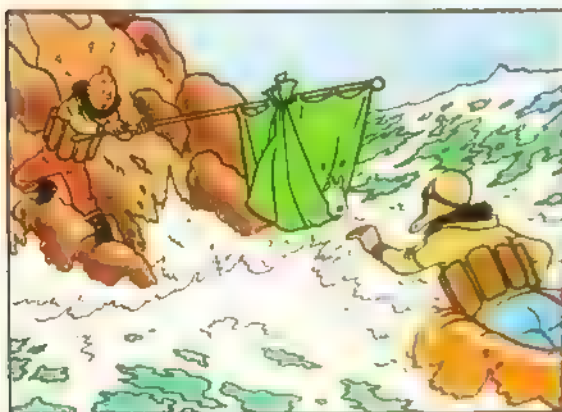
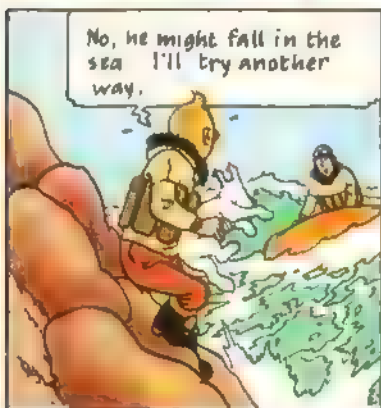
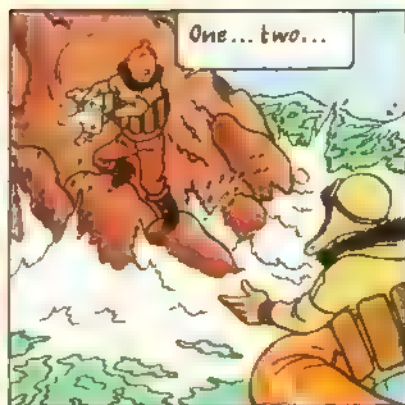
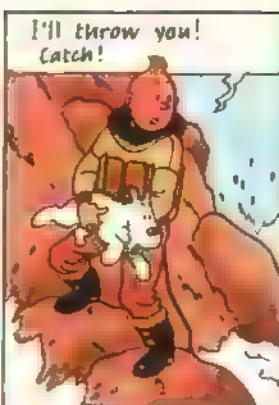
Here quickly, Snowy. We'll try to reach the dinghy...

Jump in?... Never again! Me?

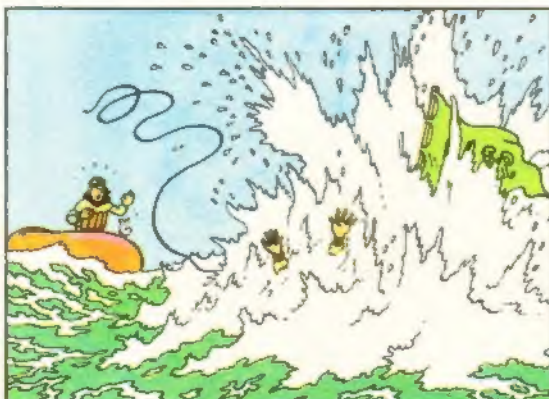


Snowy!... Snowy! ... Come on, come here at once!

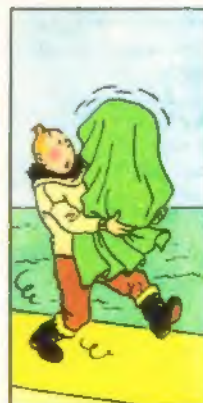
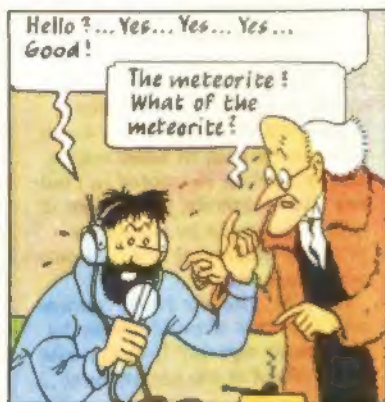
















*Some weeks later...*

The polar research ship "Aurora", which sailed in search of the meteorite that fell in the Arctic, will soon be back in home waters. The expedition succeeded in finding the meteorite, just before it was submerged by the waves—probably as a result of some under-water upheaval.

Happily, thanks to the courage and presence of mind shown by the young reporter Tintin, alone on the island at the very moment...

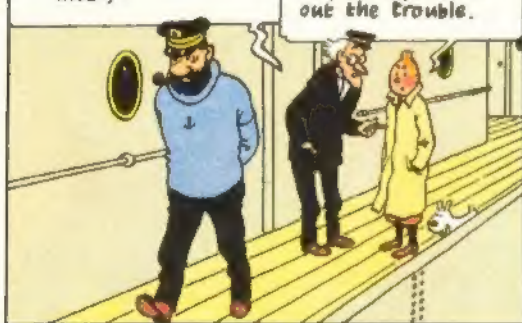
...when it was engulfed by the sea, it was possible to save a lump of the metal divined in the meteorite by Professor Phostle. Members of the expedition have already verified the remarkable properties of the metal; examination of it will undoubtedly be of extraordinary scientific interest. We may therefore look forward to more sensational disclosures.



It is now known that certain incidents that occurred during the voyage of the "Aurora" were unquestionably deliberate acts of sabotage designed to cripple the expedition. Those responsible will soon be exposed, and their leader unmasked. This master criminal is reported to be a powerful São Rico financier. He will shortly be brought to justice.



Have you noticed how preoccupied the Captain has been lately?



What's up, Captain?... Is something the matter?



LAND HO!  
LAND HO!



Thundering typhoons! Land... and about time, too!



Worse than that!... We're out of whisky!!



THE  
END







## THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

### THE SHOOTING STAR

"It's the END of the WORLD!" declares Professor Phostle, as an enormous star hurtles towards the earth. But he is disappointed—the star brushes past, leaving only a vast meteorite which falls in Arctic waters. However, there is no mistake about the Professor's discovery of a valuable new metal in the meteorite; it is worth a colossal fortune, and in a hazardous search in polar regions Tintin, Snowy and Captain Haddock encounter some of their strangest adventures.

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EXPLORERS ON THE MOON

THE CALCULUS AFFAIR  
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THE CASTAFIORE EMERALD  
THE BLACK ISLAND



(Tintin film books)

TINTIN AND THE GOLDEN FLEECE  
TINTIN AND THE BLUE ORANGES

